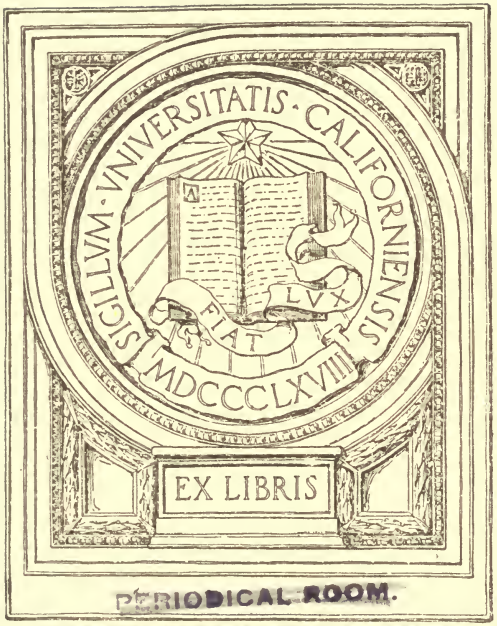

PERIODICAL ROOM.

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NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 26

NARRATIVES OF INDIAN WARFARE IN THE WEST (1799) (1821)

Samuel L. Metcalf

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

ONE of the rarest items of Americana relating to the Indians is here presented to our subscribers—the first reprint, we believe, since 1821. It is a compilation of narratives which, in their original form, even at that date, had become scarce.

Books on early western adventure, printed in its section, are very rare. The Menzies copy, over thirty years ago, realized forty-five dollars, and would bring more now.

Notes have been added wherever there seemed need, but the spelling, capitalization of the original, etc., have been carefully followed.

For the notes on Smith's Narrative (which was originally published in 1799) we are chiefly indebted to Dr. Darlington's edition of 1870.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

IF THE reader should receive any entertainment from the perusal of the following pages, he may consider himself indebted for it to the following incident:

In the spring of 1820, as the Editor was journeying through the southern part of this State, he called at an inn for lodging, where he was highly amused and gratified by the relation of some interesting anecdotes of Indian warfare, by an intelligent fellow-traveller, who was an early settler in Kentucky.* From this circumstance he was induced to believe that much interesting matter of this description might be obtained by a little exertion, which in a few years, if not collected, would be consigned to oblivion or found only in the traditions of the West. He has therefore, since that time, employed himself in making diligent search after such materials as would reflect light on the early settlement of the Western country generally; the result of which has enabled him to present the reader with the following narratives. They cannot fail to excite an interest in the people of the West, many of whose friends and relations were conspicuous actors in the scenes which are described. Some of them exhibit specimens of boldness and ferocity on the part of the savages, and of heroic intrepidity on the part of the early settlers, not surpassed in the annals of history. They also make us in some measure acquainted with the dangers and difficulties which our fathers underwent in penetrating and settling this vast wilderness. They were continually harassed by a treacherous and unrelenting foe. They fought in defence of a country whose plains were drenched with the blood of their fellow citizens. They abandoned the pleasures of civilized and polished society, and emigrated to these inhospitable wilds, under circumstances the most unfavorable; yet the spirit of enterprise

* Colonel Murrell, of Barren County, Ky.

which prompted them was not to be extinguished by the dangers which surrounded them. The luxuriant fertility of the country, the salubrity of its climate and the beauty of its scenery, were well calculated to excite and cherish in them the spirit of adventure.

A desire to trace the origin and progress of states, the decline and fall of nations, and the means by which great objects have been achieved, is perhaps natural to man. To rescue from oblivion some of the most important events connected with the early history of this country is the object of the following publication.

It must be peculiarly gratifying to every philanthropick mind to behold the happy change which a few years have effected in the condition of the Western States. Where a few years since nothing was heard but the Indian warwhoop and the howling of wild beasts, we now hear, in our halls of legislation, the voice of eloquence proclaiming the dignity and the rights of man; and in temples dedicated to the Most High our ears are saluted with the welcome sound of "peace and good will to men." In place of those gloomy forests once denominated the *Dark and Bloody Ground* we now behold a rich, delightful and highly cultivated country. Where lately stood a few dismal, smoky cabins, surrounded by woods and cane-brakes, are now to be seen fertile fields, flourishing orchards, blooming gardens, elegant and commodious houses, and rich, populous and refined cities.

How delightful to dwell in the midst of this highly favoured land, and contemplate its growing prosperity; a land affording in rich abundance all the luxuries of life, and decorated with all the variegated charms which nature can bestow. Here we might almost exclaim in the language of the poet:

> Flumina jam lactis, jam flumina nectaris ibant
> Flavaque de viridi stillabant ilice mella.
>
> (Now milk and nectar flow through every field,
> And green leav'd oaks delicious honey yield.)

Here civilization and the arts are fast advancing to perfection, and here genius, nurtured by science and philosophy and enriched by the improvements of former ages, is to shine forth in all the splendor of intellectual power.

In the publication of the following narratives it has not been our intention to perpetuate against the unfortunate Indians that spirit of prejudice and hatred which has been excited by their cruel massacres of the whites. With the liberal and enlightened there are many circumstances which palliate their inhumanity. They could not but consider us as the crafty usurpers of their native soil, which had been given to them by the *Great Spirit.* It should be recollected that independently of the many wrongs which they suffered from our encroachment on their dominions, they were stimulated to hostilities by the emissaries of France while that kingdom was contending with Great Britain for the possession of the Western country: and that after the commencement of the American Revolution they were urged on by the British themselves to the perpetration of the most horrid outrages. Allowance should be made for their want of information, and for the principles by which they were influenced. A superstition prevailed among them, common to the early Greeks and Romans, which induced them to suppose that "the *manes* of their deceased friends slain in battle were soothed by the blood of their captives."*

It has been very common among those who have described the aborigines of our country to represent them as a treacherous, cowardly and ferocious race, devoid of almost every virtue which constitutes the dignity and the glory of man. This, however, has arisen partly from prejudice and partly from an imperfect knowledge of their character. If there were writers among the Indians, the most honorable testimony might be given of their bravery, patriotism and generosity. But alas, they have no historian to record their valorous deeds; no poets to celebrate the virtues and

* Leur sang, disait-il, sera agreable à l'ombre de ce héros. FENELON: Telemaque.

achievements of their departed heroes. They are suffered to glide down the oblivious tide of time "unwept, unhonored and unsung." The whole race is diminishing in number with a rapidity unparalleled in the history of nations. Many of the most powerful tribes which inhabited the United States during the last century are now known only in name. If we are to judge of the future from the past, we must believe that in a short period the remaining tribes that still linger about the shores of the Lakes, and the tributary streams of the Mississippi and Missouri will pass away from the earth like a dream, no more to be remembered or regarded. "We are driven back", said an old warrior, "until we can retreat no further—a little longer, and the white men will cease to persecute us, for we shall cease to exist."

It is right to inform the reader that the following narratives have been obtained from sources of the most undoubted authenticity. Some of them have been before published in a collection by Archibald Loudon, and some in separate pamphlets, all of which have long since been out of print. Others have appeared in the *Western Review*, a work found in comparatively but few hands. Nearly all the facts have been furnished by persons who were immediately concerned in the transactions which they described.

It was the original design of the Editor to give a continued and methodical narrative of all the Indian wars in the Western country, from its first settlement to the treaty of Greenville (generally called Wayne's Treaty). This plan, however, he has been obliged to relinquish for want of time. The contents of this volume may be regarded merely as materials which the future historian must compress and arrange in chronological order.

S. L. METCALF

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NARRATIVE OF THE ADVENTURES
OF
COL. DANIEL BOONE

From his first arrival in Kentucky in 1769, to the end of the year 1782

IT WAS on the first of May, in the year 1769, that I resigned my domestic happiness for a time, and left my family and peaceable habitation on the Yadkin river in North Carolina, to wander through the wilderness of America in quest of the country of Kentucky, in company with John Finley, John Stewart, Joseph Holden, James Monay and William Cool. We proceeded successfully, and after a long and fatiguing journey through a mountainous wilderness in a westward direction, on the seventh day of June following we found ourselves on Red River, where John Finley had formerly been trading with the Indians, and from the top of an eminence saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucky. Here let me observe that for some time we had experienced the most uncomfortable weather, as a prelibation of our future sufferings. At this place we encamped, and made a shelter to defend us from the inclement season, and began to hunt and reconnoiter the country. We found everywhere abundance of wild beasts of all sorts, through this vast forest. The buffaloes were more frequent than I have seen cattle in the settlements, browzing on the leaves of the cane or cropping the herbage on these extensive plains, fearless, because ignorant of the violence of man. Sometimes we saw hundreds in a drove, and the numbers about the salt springs were amazing. In this forest, the habitation of beasts of every kind natural to America, we practised hunting with great success until the twenty-second day of December following.

The real writer of this is said to have been John Filson, author of the first history of Kentucky. It was published in 1784.

This day John Stewart and I had a pleasing ramble, but fortune changed the scene in the close of it. We had passed through a great forest, in which stood myriads of trees, some gay with blossoms, others rich with fruits. Nature was here a series of wonders and a fund of delight. Here she displayed her ingenuity and industry in a variety of flowers and fruits, beautifully colored, elegantly shaped and charmingly flavoured; and we were diverted with innumerable animals presenting themselves perpetually to our view. In the decline of the day, near Kentucky River, as we ascended the brow of a small hill, a number of Indians rushed out of a thick cane-brake upon us and made us prisoners. The time of our sorrow was now arrived, and the scene fully opened. The Indians plundered us of what we had, and kept us in confinement seven days, treating us with common savage usage. During this time we discovered no uneasiness or desire to escape, which made them less suspicious of us; but in the dead of night, as we lay in a thick cane-brake by a large fire, when sleep had locked up their senses, my situation not disposing me for rest, I touched my companion and gently awoke him. We improved this favourable opportunity and departed, leaving them to take their rest, and speedily directed our course towards our old camp, but found it plundered and the company dispersed and gone home. About this time my brother, Squire Boone, with another adventurer, who came to explore the country shortly after us, was wandering through the forest, determined to find me if possible, and accidentally found our camp. Notwithstanding the unfortunate circumstances of our company, and our dangerous situation, as surrounded with hostile savages, our meeting so fortunately in the wilderness made us reciprocally sensible of the utmost satisfaction. So much does friendship triumph over misfortune that sorrows and suffering vanish at the meeting not only of real friends, but of the most distant acquaintances, and substitute happiness in their room.

Soon after this my companion in captivity, John Stewart,[1] was killed by the savages, and the man that came with my brother returned home by himself. We were then in a dangerous, helpless situation, exposed daily to perils and death amongst savages and wild beasts, not a white man in the country but ourselves.

Thus, situated many hundred miles from our families, in the howling wilderness, I believe few would have equally enjoyed the happiness we experienced. I often observed to my brother, "You see now how little nature requires to be satisfied." Felicity, the companion of content, is rather found in our own breasts than in the enjoyment of external things; and I firmly believe it requires but a little philosophy to make a man happy in whatsoever state he is. This consists in a full resignation to the will of Providence; and a resigned soul finds pleasure in a path strewed with briars and thorns.

We continued not in a state of indolence, but hunted every day, and prepared a little cottage to defend us from the winter storms. We remained there undisturbed during the winter, and on the first day of May, 1770, my brother returned home to the settlement by himself for a new recruit of horses and ammunition, leaving me by myself, without bread, salt or sugar, without company of my fellow creatures, or even a horse or dog. I confess I never before was under greater necessity of exercising philosophy and fortitude. A few days I passed uncomfortably. The idea of a beloved wife and family, and their anxiety upon the account of my absence and exposed situation, made sensible impressions on my heart. A thousand dreadful apprehensions presented themselves to my view, and had undoubtedly disposed me to melancholy if further indulged.

One day I undertook a tour through the country, and the diversities and beauties of nature I met with in this charming

1. Shaler says Stuart (Stewart) was killed in 1770, and that Boone, in 1775, found his bones in a hollow tree.

season expelled every gloomy and vexatious thought. Just at the close of day the gentle gales retired, and left the place to the disposal of a profound calm. Not a breeze shook the most tremulous leaf. I had gained the summit of a commanding ridge, and looking round with astonishing (*sic*) delight, beheld the ample plains, the beauteous tracts below. On the other hand I surveyed the famous river Ohio, that rolled in silent dignity, marking the western boundary of Kentucky with inconceivable grandeur. At a vast distance I beheld the mountains lift their venerable brows, and penetrate the clouds. All things were still. I kindled a fire near a fountain of sweet water, and feasted on the loin of a buck which a few hours before I had killed. The sullen shades of night soon overspread the whole hemisphere and the earth seemed to gasp after the hovering moisture. My roving excursion this day had fatigued my body and diverted my imagination. I laid me down to sleep, and I awaked not until the sun had chased away the night. I continued this tour and in a few days explored a considerable part of the country, each day equally pleased as the first. I returned again to my old camp, which was not disturbed in my absence. I did not confine my lodging to it, but often reposed in thick cane-brakes, to avoid the savages, who I believe often visited my camp, but fortunately for me, in my absence. In this situation I was constantly exposed to danger and death. How unhappy such a situation for a man tormented with fear, which is vain if no danger comes, and if it does, only augments the pain. It was my happiness to be destitute of this afflicting passion, with which I had the greatest reason to be affected. The prowling wolves diverted my nocturnal hours with perpetual howlings, and the various species of animals in this vast forest, in the daytime were continually in my view.

Thus I was surrounded with plenty in the midst of want. I was happy in the midst of dangers and inconveniences. In such adversity it was impossible I should be disposed to melancholy.

No populous city, with all the varieties of commerce and stately structures, could afford so much pleasure to my mind as the beauties of nature I found here.

Thus through an uninterrupted scene of sylvan pleasures I spent the time, until the 27th day of July following, when my brother to my great felicity, met me according to appointment at my old camp. Shortly after we left this place, not thinking it safe to stay there longer, and proceeded to Cumberland river, reconnoitering that part of the country until March, 1771, and giving names to the different waters.

Soon after I returned home to my family with a determination to bring them as soon as possible to live in Kentucky, which I esteemed a second Paradise, at the risk of my life and fortune.

I returned safe to my old habitation, and found my family in happy circumstances. I sold my farm on the Yadkin, and what goods we could not carry with us, and on the twenty-fifth day of September, 1773, bade a farewell to our friends and proceeded on our journey to Kentucky, in company with five families more, and forty men that joined us in Powel's Valley, which is one hundred and fifty miles from the now settled parts of Kentucky. This promising beginning was soon overcast with a cloud of adversity; for upon the tenth day of October the rear of our company was attacked by a number of Indians, who killed six and wounded one man. Of these my eldest son was one that fell in the action. Though we defended ourselves and repulsed the enemy, yet this unhappy affair scattered our cattle, brought us into extreme difficulty and so discouraged the whole company that we retreated forty miles, to the settlement on Clinch river. We had passed over two mountains, viz. Powel's and Walden's, and were approaching Cumberland Mountain, when this adverse fortune overtook us. These mountains are in the wilderness, as we pass from the old settlements in Virginia to Kentucky, are ranged in a Southwest

and Northeast direction, are of a great length and breadth, and not far distant from each other. Over these nature hath formed passes that are less difficult than might be expected from a view of such huge piles. The aspect of these cliffs is so wild and horrid that it is impossible to behold them without terror. The spectator is apt to imagine that nature had formerly suffered some violent convulsion, and that these are the dismembered remains, not of Persepolis or Palmyra, but of the world!

I remained with my family on Clinch until the sixth of June, 1774, when I and one Michael Stoner were solicited by Governor Dunmore of Virginia to go to the Falls of the Ohio, to conduct into the settlement a number of surveyors that had been sent thither by him some months before; this country having about this time drawn the attention of many adventurers. We immediately complied with the Governor's request, and conducted in the surveyors, completing a tour of eight hundred miles through many difficulties, in sixty-two days.

Soon after I returned home I was ordered to take the command of three garrisons during the campaign which Governor Dunmore carried on against the Shawanese Indians: after which the militia was discharged from each garrison, and I being relieved from my post, was solicited by a number of North Carolina gentlemen that were about purchasing the lands lying on the S. side of Kentucky river from the Cherokee Indians, to attend their treaty at Wataga in March, 1775, to negotiate with them and mention the boundaries of the purchase. This I accepted, and at the request of the same gentlemen undertook to mark out a road in the best passage from the settlement through the wilderness to Kentucky, with such assistance as I thought necessary to employ for such an important undertaking.

I soon began this work, having collected a number of enterprising men, well armed. We proceeded with all possible expedition

until we came within fifteen miles of where Boonsborough now stands, and where we were fired upon by a party of Indians that killed two and wounded two of our number; yet although surprised and taken at a disadvantage, we stood our ground. This was on the twentieth of March, 1775. Three days after we were fired upon again, and had two men killed and three wounded. Afterward we proceeded on to Kentucky river without opposition; and on the first day of April began to erect the fort of Boonsborough, at a salt lick about sixty yards from the river, on the South side.

On the fourth day the Indians killed one of our men. We were busily employed in building this fort, until the fourteenth day of June following, without any opposition from the Indians; and having finished the work, I returned to my family on Clinch.

In a short time I proceeded to remove my family from Clinch to this garrison, where we arrived safe without any other difficulties than such as are common to this passage, my wife and daughter being the first white women that ever stood on the banks of Kentucky river.*

On the twenty-fourth day of December following we had one man killed and one wounded by the Indians, who seemed determined to persecute us for erecting this fortification.

On the fourteenth day of July, 1776, two of Colonel Caloway's daughters† and one of mine, were taken prisoners near the fort. I immediately pursued the Indians, with only eight men, and on the sixteenth overtook them, killed two of the party and recovered the girls. The same day on which this attempt was made, the Indians

*Collins says (*History of Kentucky*):
The first white woman in Kentucky was Mrs. Mary Inglis, born Draper, who in 1756, with her two little boys, her sister-in-law, Mrs. Draper, and others, was taken prisoner by the Shawanee Indians—taken to the Indian village at the mouth of the Scioto (now Portsmouth, O.), then to the Big Bone Licks, about 140 miles below, whence she escaped.

†Betsey and Fanny Calloway.

divided themselves into different parties, and attacked several forts which were shortly before this time erected, doing a great deal of mischief. This was extremely distressing to the new settlers. The innocent husbandman was shot down while busy cultivating the soil for his family's supply. Most of the cattle around the stations were destroyed. They continued their hostilities in this manner until the fifteenth of April, 1777, when they attacked Boonsborough with a party of above one hundred in number, killed one man and wounded four. Their loss in this attack was not certainly known to us.

On the fourth day of July following, a party of about two hundred Indians attacked Boonsborough, killed one man and wounded two. They besieged us forty-eight hours, during which time seven of them were killed; and at last, finding themselves not likely to prevail, they raised the siege and departed.

The Indians had disposed their warriors in different parties at this time, and attacked the different garrisons to prevent their assisting each other, and did much injury to the distressed inhabitants.

On the nineteenth day of this month Col. Logan's fort was besieged by a party of about two hundred Indians. During this dreadful siege they did a great deal of mischief, distressed the garrison, in which were only fifteen men, killed two and wounded one. The enemy's loss was uncertain, from the common practice the Indians have of carrying off their dead in time of battle. Col. Harrod's fort was then defended by only sixty-five men, and Boonsborough by twenty-two, there being no more forts or white men in the country, except at the Falls, a considerable distance from these; and all taken collectively were but a handful to the numerous warriors that were everywhere dispersed through the country, intent upon doing all the mischief that savage barbarity could invent. Thus we passed through a scene of sufferings that exceeds description.

On the twenty-fifth of this month a reinforcement of forty-five men arrived from North Carolina, and about the twentieth of August following Col. Bowman arrived with one hundred men from Virginia. Now we began to strengthen, and from hence for the space of six weeks we had skirmishes with Indians, in one quarter or other, almost every day.

The savages now learned the superiority of the Long Knife, as they call the Virginians, by experience; being out-generalled in almost every battle. Our affairs began to wear a new aspect, and the enemy, not daring to venture on open war, practised secret mischief at times.

On the first day of January, 1778, I went with a party of thirty men to the Blue Licks, on Licking River, to make salt for the different garrisons in the country.

On the seventh day of February, as I was hunting to procure meat for the company, I met with a party of one hundred and two Indians and two Frenchmen, on their march against Boonsborough, that place being particularly the object of the enemy.

They pursued and took me and brought me on the eighth day to the Licks, where twenty-seven of my party were, three of them having previously returned home with the salt. I knowing it was impossible for them to escape, capitulated with the enemy, and at a distance in their view gave notice to my men of their situation, with orders not to resist, but surrender themselves captives.

The generous usage the Indians had promised before in my capitulation was afterwards fully complied with, and we proceeded with them as prisoners to old Chillicothe, the principal Indian town, on Little Miami, where we arrived after an uncomfortable journey in very severe weather, on the eighteenth day of February, and received as good treatment as prisoners could expect from savages. On the tenth day of March following I, and ten of my men

were conducted by forty Indians to Detroit, where we arrived the thirtieth day, and were treated by Governor Hamilton, the British commander at that post, with great humanity.

During our travel the Indians entertained me well, and their affection for me was so great that they utterly refused to leave me there with the others, although the Governor offered them one hundred pounds sterling for me, on purpose to give me a parole to go home. Several English gentlemen there, being sensible of my adverse fortune, and touched with human sympathy, generously offered a friendly supply for my wants, which I refused, with many thanks for their kindness; adding that I never expected it would be in my power to recompense such unmerited generosity.

The Indians left my men in captivity with the British at Detroit and on the tenth day of April brought me towards Old Chillicothe, where we arrived on the twenty-fifth day of the same month. This was a long and fatiguing march through an exceedingly fertile country, remarkable for fine springs and streams of water. At Chillicothe I spent my time as comfortably as I could expect; was adopted,* according to their custom, into a family where I became a son, and had a great share in the affection of my new parents, brothers, sisters and friends. I was exceedingly familiar and friendly with them, always appearing as cheerful and satisfied as possible, and they put great confidence in me. I often went a hunting with them, and frequently gained their applause for my activity at our shooting-matches. I was careful not to exceed many of them in shooting, for no people are more envious than they in this sport. I could observe in their countenances and gestures the greatest expressions of joy when they exceeded me; and when the reverse happened, of envy. The Shawanese King took great notice of me, and treated me with profound respect and entire friendship, often entrusting me to hunt at my liberty. I fre-

*By Blackfish as "Shettowee" (Big Turtle).

quently returned with the spoils of the woods, and as often presented some of what I had taken to him, expressive of duty to my sovereign. My food and lodging were, in common with them, not so good indeed as I could desire, but necessity made everything acceptable.

I now began to meditate an escape, and carefully avoided their suspicions, continuing with them at Old Chillicothe until the first day of June following, and then was taken by them to the salt springs on Scioto, and kept there making salt, ten days. During this time I hunted some for them, and found the land for a great extent about this river, to exceed the soil of Kentucky if possible, and remarkably well watered.

When I returned to Chillicothe, alarmed to see four hundred and fifty Indians, of their choicest warriors, painted and armed in a fearful manner, ready to march against Boonsborough I determined to escape the first opportunity.

On the sixteenth, before sunrise, I departed in the most secret manner, and arrived at Boonsborough on the twentieth, after a journey of one hundred and sixty miles; during which I had but one meal.

I found our fortress in a bad state of defence, but we proceeded immediately to repair our flanks, strengthen our gates and posterns, and form double bastions; which we completed in ten days. In this time we daily expected the arrival of the Indian army; and at length one of my fellow-prisoners, escaping from them, arrived informing us that the enemy had an account of my departure, and postponed their expedition three weeks. The Indians had spies out watching our movements, and were greatly alarmed with our increase in number and fortifications. The Grand Councils of the nations were held frequently, and with more deliberation than usual. They evidently saw the approaching hour when the Long Knife

would dispossess them of their desirable habitations; and, anxiously concerned for futurity, determined utterly to extirpate the whites out of Kentucky. We were not intimidated by their movements, but frequently gave them proofs of our courage.

About the first of August I made an incursion into the Indian country with a party of nineteen men, in order to surprise a small town up Scioto, called Paint Creek Town. We advanced within four miles thereof, when we met a party of thirty Indians on their march against Boonsborough, intending to join the others from Chillicothe. A smart fight ensued betwixt us for some time. At length the savages gave way and fled. We had no loss on our side; the enemy had one killed and two wounded. We took from them three horses and all their baggage; and being informed, by two of our number that went to their town, that the Indians had entirely evacuated it, we proceeded no further, and returned with all possible expedition to assist our garrison against the other party. We passed by them on the sixth day, and on the seventh we arrived safe at Boonsborough.

On the eighth the Indian army arrived, being four hundred and forty-four in number, commanded by Captain Duquesne, eleven other Frenchmen, and some of their own chiefs, and marched up within view of our fort, with British and French colours flying; and having sent a summons to me, in his Britannic Majesty's name, to surrender the fort. I requested two days' consideration, which was granted.

It was now a critical period with us. A powerful army before our walls, whose appearance proclaimed inevitable death, fearfully painted, and marking their footsteps with desolation. Death was preferable to captivity, and if taken by storm we must inevitably be devoted to destruction. In this situation, we concluded to maintain our garrison, if possible. We immediately proceeded to collect what we could of our horses and other cattle, and bring

them through the posterns into the fort: and on the evening of the ninth, I returned answer that we were determined to defend our fort while a man was living. "Now," said I to their commander, who stood attentively hearing my sentiments, "we laugh at all your formidable preparations, but thank you for giving us notice and time to prepare for our defence. Your efforts will not prevail, for our gates shall forever deny you admittance." Whether this answer affected their courage or not I cannot tell; but contrary to our expectations they formed a scheme to deceive us; declaring it was their orders from Governor Hamilton, to take us captive, and not to destroy us; but if nine of us would come out and treat with them they would immediately withdraw their forces from our walls, and return home peaceably. This sounded grateful in our ears, and we agreed to the proposal.

We held the treaty within sixty yards of the garrison, on purpose to divert them from a breach of honour, as we could not avoid suspicions of the savages. In this situation, the articles were formally agreed to and signed; and the Indians told us it was customary with them on such occasions, for two Indians to shake hands with every white man in the treaty, as an evidence of entire friendship, we agreed to this also, but were soon convinced their policy was to take us prisoners. They immediately grappled us; but although surrounded by hundreds of savages, we extricated ourselves from them and escaped all safe into the garrison, except one that was wounded, through a heavy fire from their army. They immediately attacked us on every side, and a constant heavy fire ensued between us day and night for the space of nine days.

In this time the enemy began to undermine our fort, which was situated sixty yards from Kentucky river. They began at the water mark and proceeded in the bank some distance, which we understood by their making the water muddy with the clay; and we immediately proceeded to disappoint their design by cutting

a trench across their subterranean passage. The enemy discovering our counter mine by the clay we threw out of the fort, desisted from that stratagem; and experience now fully convincing them that neither their power nor policy could effect their purpose, on the twentieth day of August they raised the siege and departed.

During this dreadful siege, which threatened death in every form, we had two men killed and four wounded, besides a number of cattle. We killed of the enemy thirty-seven, and wounded a great number. After they were gone we picked up one hundred and twenty-five pounds' weight of bullets, besides what stuck in the logs of the fort; which certainly is a great proof of their industry. Soon after this I went into the settlement, and nothing worthy of a place in this account passed in my affairs for some time.

During my absence from Kentucky Colonel Bowman* carried on an expedition against the Shawanese at Old Chillicothe, with one hundred and sixty men, in July, 1779. Here they arrived undiscovered, and a battle ensued which lasted until ten o'clock A. M., when Colonel Bowman, finding he could not succeed at this time, retreated about thirty miles. The Indians in the meantime collecting all their forces, pursued and overtook him, when a smart fight continued near two hours, not at the advantage of Colonel Bowman's party.

Colonel Harrod† proposed to mount a number of horse and furiously to rush upon the savages, who at this time fought with remarkable fury. This desperate step had a happy effect, broke their line of battle, and the savages fled on all sides. In these two battles we had nine killed and one wounded: the enemy's loss uncertain, only two scalps being taken.

On the twenty-second day of June, 1780, a large party of Indians and Canadians, about six hundred in number, commanded

* John Bowman

† James Harrod. Harrodsburgh is named for him.

by Colonel Bird, attacked Riddle's and Martin's[1] stations, at the Forks of Licking River, with six* pieces of artillery. They carried this expedition so secretly that the unwary inhabitants did not discover them until they fired upon the forts; and not being prepared to oppose them, were obliged to surrender themselves miserable captives to barbarous savages, who immediately after tomahawked one man and two women, and loaded all the others with heavy baggage, forcing them along toward their towns, able or unable to march. Such as were weak or faint by the way they tomahawked. The tender women and helpless children fell victims to their cruelty. This, and the savage treatment they received afterwards, is shocking to humanity, and too barbarous to relate.

The hostile disposition of the savages and their allies caused General Clark† the commandant at the Falls of the Ohio, immediately to begin an expedition with his own regiment and the armed force of the country, against Pickaway, the principal town of the Shawanees, on a branch of Great Miami, which he finished with great success, took seventeen scalps, and burnt the town to ashes with the loss of seventeen men.

About this time I returned to Kentucky with my family; and here, to avoid an enquiry into my conduct, the reader being before informed of my bringing my family to Kentucky, I am under the necessity of informing him that during my captivity with the Indians, my wife, who despaired of ever seeing me again, expecting the Indians had put a period to my life, oppressed with the distresses of the country, and bereaved of me, her only happiness, had, before I returned, transported my family and goods on horses through the wilderness amidst a multitude of dangers, to her father's house in North Carolina.

1 These two stations were near the present Paris, Ky.
* Shaler says two.
† George Rogers Clark.

Shortly after the troubles at Boonsborough I went to them, and lived peaceably there until this time. The history of my going home and returning with my family forms a series of difficulties, an account of which would swell a volume, and being foreign to my purpose I shall purposely omit them.

I settled my family in Boonsborough once more, and shortly after, on the sixth day of October, 1780, I went in company with my brother to the Blue Licks, and on our return home we were fired upon by a party of Indians. They shot him, and pursued me, by the scent of their dog, three miles; but I killed the dog and escaped. The winter soon came on and was very severe, which confined the Indians to their wigwams.

The severity of this winter caused great difficulties in Kentucky. The enemy had destroyed most of the corn* the summer before. This necessary article was scarce and dear, and the inhabitants lived chiefly on the flesh of buffaloes. The circumstances of many were very lamentable; however, being a hardy race of people and accustomed to difficulties and necessities, they were wonderfully supported through all their sufferings until the ensuing Fall,when we received abundance from the fertile soil.

Towards spring we were frequently harassed by Indians; and in May, 1782, a party assaulted Ashton's Station, killed one man and took a negro prisoner. Captain Ashton, with twenty-five men, pursued and overtook the savages, and a smart fight ensued which lasted two hours; but they being superior in number obliged Captain Ashton's party to retreat, with the loss of eight killed and four mortally wounded; their brave commander himself being numbered among the dead.

The Indians continued their hostilities, and about the tenth of August following two boys were taken from Major Hoy's station. This party was pursued by Captain Holden and seventeen

* Shaler says that the price in 1780 was $50 to $175 (Continental money) a bushel.

men, who were also defeated, with the loss of four men killed and one wounded. Our affairs became more and more alarming. Several stations which had lately been erected in the country were continually infested with savages, stealing their horses and killing the men at every opportunity. In a field near Lexington an Indian shot a man, and running to scalp him was himself shot from the fort, and fell dead upon his enemy.

Every day we experienced recent mischiefs. The barbarous savage nations of Shawanees, Cherokees, Wyandots, Tawas, Delawares and several others near Detroit, united in a war against us, and assembled their choicest warriors at Old Chillicothe, to go on the expedition in order to destroy us and entirely depopulate the country. Their savage minds were inflamed to mischief by two abandoned (white) men, Captains McKee and Girty. These led them to execute every diabolical scheme; and on the fifteenth day of August commanded a party of Indians and Canadians of about five hundred in number, against Bryant's station, five miles from Lexington. Without demanding a surrender, they furiously assaulted the garrison, which was happily prepared to oppose them and after they had expended much ammunition in vain and killed the cattle round the fort, not being likely to make themselves masters of this place, they raised the siege and departed in the morning of the third day after they came, with the loss of about thirty killed, and the number of wounded uncertain. Of the garrison four were killed and three wounded.

On the eighteenth day Colonel Todd,[1] Colonel Trigg,[2] Major Harland and myself speedily collected one hundred and seventy-six men, well armed, and pursued the savages. They had marched beyond the Blue Licks, to a remarkable bend of the main fork of Licking River, about forty-three miles from Lexington, as it is particularly represented in the map, where we overtook them on

1 John Todd, of Fayette County. He was in command according to Shaler.
2 Stephen Trigg.

the nineteenth day. The savages observing us gave way, and we being ignorant of their numbers, passed the river. When the enemy saw our proceedings, having greatly the advantage of us in situation they formed the line of battle as represented in the map, from one bend of Licking to the other, about a mile from the Blue Licks. An exceedingly fierce battle immediately began for about fifteen minutes, when we being overpowered by numbers, were obliged to retreat, with the loss of sixty-seven men, seven of whom were taken prisoners. The brave and much lamented Colonels Todd and Trigg, Major Harland and my second son,[3] were among the dead. We were informed that the Indians, numbering their dead, found they had four killed more than we; and therefore four of the prisoners they had taken were by general consent ordered to be killed, in the most barbarous manner, by the young warriors, in order to train them up to cruelty; and then they proceeded to their towns.

On our retreat we were met by Colonel Logan,[4] hastening to join us with a number of well armed men. This powerful assistance we unfortunately wanted in the battle; for notwithstanding the enemy's superiority of numbers, they acknowledged that if they had received one more fire from us, they should undoubtedly have given way. So valiantly did our small party fight that to the memory of those who unfortunately fell in the battle, enough of honour cannot be paid. Had Colonel Logan and his party been with us, it is highly probable we should have given the savages a total defeat.

I cannot reflect upon this dreadful scene but sorrow fills my heart. A zeal for the defence of their country led these heroes to the scene of action, though with a few men to attack a powerful army of experienced warriors. When we gave way they pursued us with the utmost eagerness, and in every quarter spread de-

3 Israel Boone.

4 Benjamin Logan, of Lincoln County. Shaler says he had 300 men.

struction. The river was difficult to cross, and many were killed in the flight, some just entering the river, some in the water, others after crossing in ascending the cliffs. Some escaped on horseback, a few on foot; and being dispersed everywhere in a few hours brought the melancholy news of this unfortunate battle to Lexington. Many widows were now made. The reader may guess what sorrow filled the hearts of the inhabitants, exceeding anything that I am able to describe. Being reinforced, we returned to bury the dead, and found their bodies strewed everywhere, cut and mangled in a dreadful manner. This mournful scene exhibited a horror almost unparalleled; some torn and eaten by wild beasts; those in the river eaten by fishes; all in such a putrefied condition that no one could be distinguished from another.

As soon as General Clark, then at the Falls of the Ohio, who was ever our ready friend, and merits the love and gratitude of all his countrymen, understood the circumstances of this unfortunate action, he ordered an expedition with all possible haste, to pursue the savages, which was so expeditiously effected that we overtook them within two miles of their towns, and probably might have obtained a great victory, had not two of their number met us about two hundred poles before we came up. These returned quick as lightning to their camp with the alarming news of a mighty army in view. The savages fled in the utmost disorder, evacuated their towns, and reluctantly left their territory to our mercy. We immediately took possession of Old Chillicothe[5] without opposition, (it) being deserted by its inhabitants. We continued our pursuit through five towns on the Miami river, Old Chillicothe, Pickaway, New Chillicothe, Will's Towns, and Chillicothe, burnt them all to ashes, entirely destroyed their corn and other fruits, and everywhere spread a scene of desolation in the country. In this expedition we took seven prisoners and five scalps, with the loss of only four men, two of whom were accidentally killed by our own army.

5 Near Xenia, O.

This campaign in some measure damped the spirits of the Indians, and made them sensible of our superiority. Their connections were dissolved, their armies scattered, and a future invasion put entirely out of their power; yet they continued to practice mischief secretly upon the inhabitants in the exposed parts of the country.

In October following a party made an excursion into that district called the Crab Orchard, and one of them being advanced some distance before the others, boldly entered the house of a poor defenceless family, in which was only a negro man, a woman and her children, horrified with the apprehensions of immediate death. The savage perceiving their defenceless situation, without offering violence to the family attempted to captivate the negro, who happily proved an overmatch for him, threw him on the ground, and in the struggle the mother of the children drew an ax from a corner of the cottage, and cut his head off, while her little daughter shut the door. The savages instantly appeared, and applied their tomahawks to the door. An old, rusty gun barrel, without a lock, lay in a corner, which the mother put through a small crevice, and the savages perceiving it, fled. In the meantime the alarm spread through the neighborhood; the armed men collected immediately, and pursued the savages into the wilderness; thus Providence, by the means of this negro, saved the whole of this poor family from destruction. From that time until the happy return of peace between the United States and Great Britain, the Indians did us no mischief. Finding the great king beyond the water disappointed in his expectations, and conscious of the importance of the Long Knife and of their own wretchedness, some of the nations immediately desired peace; to which at present they seem universally disposed, and are sending ambassadors to General Clark, at the Falls of the Ohio, with the minutes of their Councils.

To conclude, I can now say that I have verified the saying of an old Indian who signed Colonel Henderson's deed. Taking me

by the hand, at the delivery thereof, "Brother," says he, "we have given you a fine land, but I believe you will have much trouble in settling it." My footsteps have often been marked with blood, and therefore I can truly subscribe to its original name. Two darling sons and a brother, have I lost by savage hands,which have also taken from me forty valuable horses and abundance of cattle. Many dark and sleepless nights have I been a companion for owls, separated from the cheerful society of men, scorched by the summer's sun and pinched by the winter's cold, an instrument ordained to settle the wilderness. But now the scene is changed: peace crowns the sylvan shade.

What thanks, what ardent and ceaseless thanks are due to that all-superintending Providence which has turned a cruel war into peace, brought order out of confusion, made the fierce savages placid and turned away their hostile weapons from our country. May the same Almighty Goodness banish the accursed monster war, from all lands, with her hated associates, rapine and insatiable ambition. Let peace, descending from her native heaven, bid her olives spring amidst the joyful nations; and plenty, in league with commerce, scatter blessings from her copious hand.

This account of my adventures will inform the reader of the most remarkable events of this country. I now live in peace and safety, enjoying the sweets of liberty and the bounties of Providence with my once fellow sufferers, in this delightful country, which I have seen purchased with a vast expense of blood and treasure, delighting in the prospect of its being in a short time one of the most opulent and powerful states on the continent of North America; which, with the love and gratitude of my countrymen, I esteem a sufficient reward for all my toil and dangers.

DANIEL BOONE

Fayette County, Kentucky

THE NARRATIVE OF DR. KNIGHT

ABOUT the latter end of the month of March or the beginning of April, of the year 1782, the western Indians began to make incursions upon the frontiers of Ohio, Washington, Youghogany and Westmoreland counties, which has been their constant practice ever since the commencement of the present war between the United States and Great Britain.

In consequence of these predatory invasions, the principal officers of the above mentioned counties, namely Colonels Williamson and Marshall, tried every method in their power to set on foot an expedition against the Wyandot towns, which they could effect in no other way than by giving all possible encouragement to volunteers. The plan proposed was as follows: Every man furnishing himself with a horse, a gun, and one month's provisions, should be exempted from two tours of militia duty. Likewise that every one who had been plundered by the Indians should, if the plunder could be found at their towns, have it again (on) proving it to be his property; and all horses lost on the expedition by unavoidable accident were to be replaced by horses taken in the enemy's country.

The time appointed for the rendezvous or general meeting of the volunteers was fixed to be on the twentieth of May, and the place the old Mingo town on the west side of the river Ohio, about forty miles below Fort Pitt by land, and I think about seventy-five by water.

Colonel Crawford was solicited by the general voice of these western counties and districts to command the expedition. He accordingly set out as volunteer and came to Fort Pitt two days before the time appointed for the assembling of the men. As there

was no surgeon yet appointed to go with the expedition, Colonel Crawford begged the favour of General Irvine to permit me to accompany him (my consent having been previously asked) to which the general agreed, provided Colonel Gibson* did not object.

Having obtained permission of the Colonel I left Fort Pitt on Tuesday, May first, and the next day about one in the afternoon arrived at the Mingo bottom. The volunteers had not all crossed the river until Friday morning the twenty-fourth; they then distributed themselves into eighteen companies, choosing their captains by vote. There were chosen also one colonel commandant, four field and one brigade-major. There were four hundred and sixty-five who voted.

We began our march on Saturday, May 25th, making an almost due west course, and on the fourth day reached the old Moravian town upon the river Muskingum, about sixty miles from the river Ohio. Some of the men, having lost their horses on the night preceding, returned home.

Tuesday, the 28th in the evening, Major Brenton and Captain Bean went some distance from the camp to reconnoitre; having gone about one-quarter of a mile, they saw two Indians, upon whom they fired, and then returned to camp. This was the first place in which we were discovered, as we understood afterwards.

On Tuesday, the fourth of June, which was the eleventh day of our march, about one o'clock, we came to the spot where the town of Sandusky formerly stood: the inhabitants had moved eighteen miles lower down the creek, near the lower Sandusky; but as neither our guides nor any who were with us had known anything of their removal, we began to conjecture there were no Indian towns nearer than the lower Sandusky, which was at least forty miles' distance.

* Col. and brevet Brig. Gen. John Gibson, commanding at Fort Pitt.

However, after refreshing our horses, we advanced on in search of some of their settlements, but had scarcely got the distance of three or four miles from the old town when a number of our men expressed their desire to return, some of them alleging that they had only five days' provisions: upon which the field-officers and captains determined in council to proceed that afternoon and no longer. Previous to the calling of this council a small party of light-horse had been sent forward to reconnoitre.

I shall here remark, by the way, that there are a great many extensive plains in that country: the woods in general grew very thin, free from brush and underwood, so that light-horsemen may advance a considerable distance before an army without being much exposed to the enemy.

Just as the council ended, an express returned from the above mentioned party of light-horse, with intelligence "that they had been about three miles in front, and seen a large body of Indians running towards them." In a short time we saw the rest of the light-horse, who joined us, and having gone one mile further met a number of Indians who had partly got possession of a piece of woods before us; whilst we were in the plains; but our men alighting from their horses and rushing into the woods soon obliged them to abandon that place.

The enemy being by this time reinforced flanked to the right, and part of them coming in our rear, quickly made the action more serious. The firing continued very warm on both sides from four o'clock until dusk of the evening, each party maintaining their ground. Next morning about six o'clock some guns were discharged at the distance of two or three hundred yards, which continued till day, doing little or no execution on either side. The field officers then assembled and agreed, as the enemy were every moment increasing and we had already a number wounded, to retreat that night. The whole body was to form into three lines, keeping the

wounded in the centre. We had four killed and twenty-three wounded: of the latter seven very dangerously, on which account as many biers were got ready to carry them: most of the rest were slightly wounded, and none so bad but they could ride on horseback. After dark the officers went on the outposts and brought in all the men as expeditiously as they could. Just as the troops were about to form, several guns were fired by the enemy, upon which some of our men spoke out, and said our intention was discovered by the Indians, who were firing alarm guns; upon which some in front hurried off, and the rest immediately followed, leaving the seven men that were dangerously wounded; some of whom however got off on horseback by means of some good friends, who waited for and assisted them.*

We had not got a quarter of a mile from the field of action when I heard Colonel Crawford calling for his son John Crawford, his son-in-law Major Harrison, Major Rose and William Crawford, his nephews; upon which I came up and told him I believed they were before us. He asked "Is that the doctor?" I told him it was. He then replied, "they were not in front," and begged of me not to leave him. I promised him I would not. We then waited and continued calling for these men till the troops had passed us. The Colonel told me his horse had almost given out, that he could not keep up with the troops, and wished some of his best friends to remain with him. He then exclaimed against the militia for riding off in such an irregular manner, and leaving some of the wounded behind, contrary to his orders. Presently there came

A letter from David Merriweather, an early Western pioneer, dated "Forks of Cheat and Monongalia, June 27, 1782":—

* "Forks of Cheat and Monongalia, June 27, 1782. They refer to Col. Crawford's defeat—*About the time I arrived home, there started an army of about 500 men from this side the mountains under the command of Col. Crawford to go to the Indian Country, their first intention was to go to Saint Dusky, a principal Indian Town, but were met when they were within about two miles of the Town by a powerful and vastly superior number of Indians, when a very severe action began and continued from eight o'clock until dark, our men being obliged to retreat and were pursued two days by the Savages, fighting on the whole retreat,*" etc., etc., etc.

two men riding after us, one of them an old man, the other a lad; we enquired if they had seen any of the above persons, and they answered they had not.

By this time there was a very hot firing before us and, as we judged, near where our main body must have been our course was then nearly southwest, but changing it we went north about two miles, the two men remaining in company with us. Judging ourselves to be now out of the enemy's lines, we took a due east course, taking care to keep at the distance of fifteen or twenty yards apart, and directing ourselves by the North Star.

The old man often lagged behind, and when this was the case never failed to call for us to halt for him. When we were near the Sandusky Creek he fell one hundred yards behind, and bawled out as usual for us to halt. While we were preparing to reprimand him for making a noise, I heard an Indian halloo, as I thought, one hundred and fifty yards from the man and partly behind him. After this we did not hear the man call again, neither did he ever come up to us any more. It was now past midnight, and about daybreak Col. Crawford's and the young man's horses gave out, and they left them. We pursued our journey eastward, and about two o'clock fell in with Capt. Biggs, who had carried Lieut. Ashley from the field of action, who had been dangerously wounded. We then went on about the space of an hour, when a heavy rain coming on, we concluded it was best to encamp, as we were encumbered with the wounded officer. We then barked four or five trees, made an encampment and a fire, and remained there all that night. Next morning we again prosecuted our journey, and having gone about three miles found a deer which had been recently killed. The meat was sliced from the bones and bundled up in the skin, with a tomahawk lying by it. We carried all with us, and in advancing about one mile further espied the smoke of a fire. We then gave the wounded officer into the charge of the young man, desir-

ing him to stay behind whilst the Colonel, the Captain and myself walked up as cautiously as we could towards the fire. When we came to it, we concluded from several circumstances some of our people had encamped the preceding night. We then went about roasting the venison, and when just about to march observed one of our men coming upon our tracks. He seemed at first very shy, but having called to him he came up, and told us he was the person who had killed the deer, but on hearing us come up was afraid of Indians, hid in a thicket and made off. Upon this we gave him some bread and roasted venison, proceeded all together on our journey, and about two o'clock came upon the paths by which we had gone out. Capt. Biggs and myself did not think it safe to keep the road, but the Colonel said the Indians would not follow the troops farther than the plains, which we were then considerably past. As the wounded officer rode Capt. Biggs' horse I lent the Captain mine; the Colonel and myself went about one hundred yards in front the Captain and the wounded officer in the centre, and the two young men behind. After we had travelled about one mile and a half, several Indians started up within fifteen or twenty steps of the Colonel and me. As we at first discovered only three I immediately got behind a large black oak, made ready my piece and raised it up to take sight, when the Colonel called to me twice not to fire. Upon that one of the Indians ran up to the Colonel and took him by the hand. The Colonel then told me to put down by gun, which I did. At that instant one of them came up to me, whom I had seen very often, calling me "Doctor," and took me by the hand. They were Delaware Indians of the Wingenim tribe. Captain Biggs fired amongst them but did no execution. They then told us to call those people and make them come there, else they would go and kill them; which the Colonel did, but they four got off and escaped for the time. The Colonel and I were then taken to the Indian camp, which was about half a mile from the place where we were captivated. On Sunday

evening five Delawares who had posted themselves at some distance further on the road, brought back to the camp where we lay, Captain Biggs' and Lieutenant Ashley's scalps, with an Indian scalp which Captain Biggs had taken in the field of action; they also brought in Biggs' horse and mine; they told us the two other men got away from them.

Monday morning, the tenth of June, we were paraded to march to Sandusky, about thirty-three miles distant: they had eleven prisoners of us, and four scalps, the Indians being seventeen in number.

Colonel Crawford was very desirous to see a certain Simeon Girty, who lived among the Indians, and was on this account permitted to go to town the same night, with two warriors to guard him, having orders at the same time to pass by the place where the Colonel had turned out his horse, that they might if possible find him. The rest of us were taken as far as the old town, which was within eight miles of the new.

Tuesday morning the 11th, Colonel Crawford was brought to us on purpose to be marched in with the other prisoners. I asked the Colonel if he had seen Mr. Girty. He told me he had, and that Girty had promised to do everything in his power for him, but that the Indians were very much enraged against the prisoners; particularly Captain Pipe, one of the chiefs; he likewise told me that Girty had informed him that his son-in-law, Col. Harrison, and his nephew William Crawford were made prisoners by the Shawanese, but had been pardoned. This Capt. Pipe had painted all the prisoners' faces black.

As he was painting me he told me I should go to the Shawanese towns and see my friends. When the Colonel arrived he painted him black also, told him he was glad to see him and that he would have him shaved when he came to see his friends at the Wyandot

town. When he marched the Colonel and I were kept back between Pipe and Wyngenim, the two Delaware chiefs; the other nine prisoners were sent forward with another party of Indians. As we went along we saw four of the prisoners lying by the path tomahawked and scalped, some of them at the distance of half a mile from each other, When we arrived within half a mile of the place where the Colonel was executed, we overtook the five prisoners that remained alive: the Indians had caused them to sit down on the ground, as they did also the Colonel and me at some distance from them. I was there given in charge to an Indian fellow, to be taken to the Shawanese towns.

In the place where we were now made to sit down there was a number of squaws and boys, who fell on the five prisoners and tomahawked them. There was a certain John McKinley amongst the prisoners, formerly an officer in the 13th Virginia regiment whose head an old squaw cut off, and the Indians kicked it about on the ground. The young Indian fellows came often where the Colonel and I were, and dashed the scalps in our faces. We were then conducted along towards the place where the Colonel was afterwards executed: when we came within about half a mile of it Simeon Girty met us, with several Indians on horseback. He spoke to the Colonel, but as I was about one hundred and fifty yards behind, I could not hear what passed between them.

Almost every Indian we met struck us, either with sticks or their fists. Girty waited till I was brought up, and asked "was that the doctor?" I told him yes, and went toward him reaching out my hand, but he bid me begone and called me a damn'd rascal: upon which the fellow who had me in charge pulled me along. Girty rode up after me and told me I was to go to the Shawanese towns.

When we were come to the fire the Colonel was stripped naked, ordered to sit down by the fire, and then they beat him with

sticks and their fists. Presently after I was treated in the same manner. They then tied a rope to the foot of a post about fifteen feet high, bound the Colonel's hands behind his back and fastened the rope to the ligature between his wrists. The rope was long enough either for him to sit down or walk round the post once or twice and return the same way. The Colonel then called to Girty and asked if they intended to burn him. Girty answered, yes. The Colonel said he would take it all patiently. Upon this Captain Pipe, a Delaware chief, made a speech to the Indians, about thirty or forty men and sixty and seventy squaws or boys. When the speech was finished they all yelled a hideous and hearty assent to what had been said. The Indian men then took up their guns and shot powder into the Colonel's body from his feet as far up as his neck. I think not less than seventy loads were discharged upon his naked body. They then crowded about him, and to the best of my observation, cut off his ears. When the throng had dispersed a little I saw the blood running from both sides of his head in consequence thereof.

The fire was about six or seven yards from the post to which the Colonel was tied: it was made of small hickory poles, burnt quite through in the middle, each end of the poles remaining about six feet in length. Three or four Indians by turns would take up, individually, one of these burning pieces of wood, and apply it to his naked body, already burned black with the powder. These tormentors presented themselves on every side of him, so that which ever way he ran round the post they met him with the burning faggots and poles. Some of the squaws took broad boards upon which they would put a quantity of burning coals and hot embers, and throw on him, so that in a short time he had nothing but coals of fire and hot ashes to walk upon.

In the midst of these extreme tortures he called to Simeon Girty and begged of him to shoot him: but Girty making no answer

he called to him again. Girty then, by way of derision, told the Colonel he had no gun, at the same time turning about to an Indian who was behind him, laughed heartily, and by all his gestures seemed delighted at the horrid scene.

Girty then came up to me and bade me prepare for death. He said, however, I was not to die at that place but to be burnt at the Shawanese town. He swore by G-d I need not expect to escape death, but should suffer it in all its extremities.

He then observed that some prisoners had given him to understand that if our people had him they would not hurt him; for his part, he said, he did not believe it, but desired to know my opinion of the matter; but being at that time in great anguish and distress for the torments the Colonel was suffering before my eyes, as well as the expectation of undergoing the same fate in two days, I made little or no answer. He expressed a great deal of ill-will for Colonel Gibson and said he was one of his greatest enemies, and more to the same purpose, to all of which I paid very little attention.

Colonel Crawford at this period of his sufferings, besought the Almighty to have mercy on his soul, spoke very low, and bore his torments with the most manly fortitude. He continued in all the extremities of pain for an hour and three-quarters or two hours longer, as near as I can judge, when at last being almost spent, he lay down on his belly; they then scalped him and repeatedly threw the scalp in my face, telling me "that was my great captain." An old squaw (whose appearance every way answered the ideas people have of the devil) got a board, took a parcel of coals and ashes and laid them on his back and head after he had been scalped: he then raised himself upon his feet and began to walk round the post: they next put a burning stick to him as usual, but he seemed more insensible of pain than before.

The Indian fellow who had me in charge now took me away to Captain Pipe's house, about three-quarters of a mile from the place

of the Colonel's execution. I was bound all night, and thus prevented from seeing the last of the horrid spectacle. Next morning, being June 12th, the Indian untied me, painted me black, and we set off for the Shawanese town, which he told me was somewhat less than forty miles from that place.

We soon came to the spot where the Colonel had been burnt, as it was partly in our way. I saw his bones laying amongst the remains of the fire, almost burnt to ashes. I suppose after he was dead they had laid his body on the fire.

The Indian told me that was my big Captain, and gave the scalp halloo. He was on horseback and drove me before him. I pretended to this Indian I was ignorant of the death I was to die at the Shawanese town, affected as cheerful a countenance as possible, and asked him if we were not to live together as brothers, in one house, when we should get to the town. He seemed well pleased, and said yes. He then asked me if I could make a wigwam. I told him I could: he then seemed more friendly. We went that day as near as I can judge about twenty-five miles, the course partly southwest. The Indian told me we should next day come to the town, the sun being in such a direction, pointing nearly south. At night when we went to rest I attempted very often to unty myself, but the Indian was extremely vigilant and scarce ever shut his eyes that night. About daybreak he got up and untied me: he next began to mend up the fire, and as the gnats were troublesome I asked him if I should make a smoke behind him: he said, yes. I then took the end of a dogwood fork which had been burnt down to about eighteen inches long. It was the longest stick I could find, yet too small for the purpose I had in view: then I picked up another smaller stick, and taking a coal of fire between them went behind him: then turning suddenly about I struck him on the head with all the force I was master of; which so stunned him that he fell forward with both his hands into the fire, but see-

ing him recover and get up, I seized his gun, while he ran off howling in a most fearful manner. I followed him with a determination to shoot him down, but pulling back the cock of the gun with too great violence I believe I broke the mainspring. I pursued him however, about thirty yards, still endeavouring to fire the gun, but could not; then going back to the fire I took his blanket, a pair of new moccasons, his hoppes, (*sic*) powder-horn, bullet-bag (together with the gun) and marched off, directing my course toward the five o'clock mark; about half an hour before sunset I came to the plains, which I think are about sixteen miles wide. I laid me down in a thicket till dark, and then by the assistance of the North Star made my way through them, and got into the woods before morning. I proceeded on the next day, and about noon crossed the paths by which our troops had gone out: these paths are nearly east and west, but I went due north all that afternoon with a view to avoid the enemy.

In the evening I began to be very faint, and no wonder: I had been six days prisoner; the last two days of which I had ate nothing, and but very little the first three or four. There were wild gooseberries in abundance in the woods, but being unripe required mastication, which at that time I was not able to perform on account of a blow received from an Indian on the jaw with the back of a tomahawk. There was a weed that grew plentifully in that place, the juice of which I knew to be grateful and nourishing; I gathered a bundle of the same, took up my lodging under a large spreading beech tree, and having sucked plentifully of the juice, went to sleep. Next day I made a due east course, which I generally kept the rest of my journey. I often imagined my gun was only wood-bound, and tried every method I could devise to unscrew the lock, but never could effect it, having no knife nor anything adapted to the purpose. I had now the satisfaction to find my jaw began to mend, and in four or five days could chew any vegetable proper for nourishment; but finding my gun only a use-

less burden, left her in the wilderness. I had no apparatus for making a fire to sleep by, so that I could get but little rest for the gnats and musketoes; there are likewise a great many swamps in the beech ridge, which occasioned me very often to lie wet.

I crossed the river Muskingum about three or four miles below Fort Laurence, and crossing all paths aimed for the Ohio river. All this time my food was gooseberries, young nettles, the juice of herbs, a few service-berries and some May-apples; likewise two young blackbirds and a tarapin which I devoured raw. When my food sat heavy on my stomach, I used to eat a little wild ginger, which put all things to rights.

I came upon the Ohio river about five miles below Fort McIntosh, in the evening of the 21st day after I had made my escape; and on the 22d, about seven o'clock in the morning, being the 4th day of July, arrived safe, though very much fatigued, at the Fort.

THE NARRATIVE OF JOHN SLOVER

HAVING in the last war been a prisoner among the Indians many years, and so being well acquainted with the country west of the Ohio, I was employed as a guide in the expedition under Col. William Crawford against the Indian towns on or near the river Sandusky. It will be unnecessary for me to relate what is so well known, the circumstances and unfortunate event of that expedition; it will be sufficient to observe that having on Tuesday, the fourth of June, fought the enemy near Sandusky, we lay that night in our camp, and the next day fired on each other at the distance of three hundred yards, doing little or no execution. In the evening of that day it was proposed by Col. Crawford, as I have been since informed, to draw off with order; but at the moment of our retreat the Indians (who had probably perceived that we were about to retire) firing alarm guns, our men broke and rode

off in confusion, treading down those who were on foot and leaving the wounded men who supplicated to be taken with them. I was with some others in the rear of our troops feeding our horses on the glade, when our men began to break. The main body of our people had passed by me a considerable distance before I was ready to set out. I overtook them before they had crossed the glade, and was advanced almost in front. The company in which I was had separated from me, and had endeavoured to pass a morass: for coming up I found their horses had stuck fast in the morass, and endeavouring to pass, mine also in a short time stuck fast. I ought to have said the company of five or six men with which I had been immediately connected, and who were some distance to the right of the main body, had separated from me, etc. I tried a long time to disengage my horse, until I could hear the enemy just behind me and on each side, but in vain. Here then I was obliged to leave him. The morass was so unstable that I was (up) to the middle in it, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I got across it; but which having at length done, I came up with the six men who had left their horses in the same manner I had done; two of these my companions having lost their guns.

We travelled that night making our course towards Detroit, with a view to shun the enemy, who we conceived to have taken the paths by which the main body of our people had returned. Just before day we got into a second deep morass, and were under the necessity of detaining until it was light to see our way through it. The whole of this day we travelled toward the Shawanese towns, with a view of throwing ourselves still further out of the search of the enemy. About ten o'clock this day we sat down to eat a little, having tasted nothing from Tuesday, the day of our engagement, until this time, which was on Thursday; and now the only thing we had to eat was a scrap of pork to each. We had sat down just by a warriors' path which we had not suspected, when eight or nine warriors appeared. Running off hastily we left our

baggage and provisions, but were not discovered by the party; for skulking some time in the grass and bushes, we returned to the place and recovered our baggage. The warriors had halloed as they passed, and were answered by others on our flanks.

In our journey through the glades, or wide-extended dry meadows, about twelve o'clock this day we discovered a party of Indians in front, but, skulking in the grass and bushes, were not discovered by them. In these glades we were in great danger, as we could be seen at a great distance. In the afternoon of this day there fell a heavy rain, the coldest I ever felt. We halted while it rained, and then travelling on we saw a party of the enemy about two hundred yards before us; but hiding ourselves in the bushes we had again the good fortune not to be discovered. This night we got out of the glades, having in the night crossed the paths by which we had advanced to Sandusky. It was our design to leave all these paths to the right, and to come in by the Tuscarawas. We should have made a much greater progress had it not been for two of my companions, who were lame; the one having his foot burnt, the other with a swelling in his knee of a rheumatic nature.

On this day, which was the second after our retreat, one of our company, the person afflicted with the rheumatic swelling, was left behind some distance in a swamp. Waiting for him some time we saw him coming within one hundred yards, as I sat on the body of an old tree mending my moccasins; but taking my eye from him I saw him no more. He had not observed our tracks, but had gone a different way. We whistled on our chargers, and afterwards hallooed for him, but in vain. Nevertheless he was fortunate in missing us, for he afterwards came safe into Wheeling. We travelled on until night, and were on the waters of Muskingum from the middle of this day.

Having catched a fawn this day we made a fire in the evening and had a repast, having in the meantime ate nothing but the

small bit of pork I mentioned before. We set off at break of day. About nine o'clock the third day we fell in with a party of the enemy about twenty miles from the Tuscarawas which is about 135 miles from Fort Pitt. They had come upon our tracks or had been on our flanks, and discovered us, and then having got before had waylaid us, and fired before we perceived them. At the first fire one of my companions fell before me, and another just behind; these two had guns; there were six men in company and four guns, two of these rendered useless by reason of the wet when coming through the swamp the first night; we had tried to discharge them but could not. When the Indians fired I ran to a tree, but an Indian presenting himself fifteen yards before me, desired me to deliver myself up and I should not be hurt. My gun was in good order, but apprehending the enemy behind might discharge their pieces at me I did not risk firing; which I afterwards had reason to regret when I found what was to be my fate, and that the Indian who was before me and presented his gun was one of those who had just before fired. Two of my companions were taken with me in the same manner, the Indians assuring us we should not be hurt. But one in company, James Paul, who had a gun in order, made his escape and has since come into Wheeling. One of these Indians knew me, and was of the party by whom I was taken in the last war. He came up and spoke to me, calling me by my Indian name, *Mannuchcothee*, and upbraiding me for coming to war against them. I will take a moment here to relate some particular of my first captivity, and my life since.

I was taken from New River, Virginia, by the Miamese, a nation of Indians by us called the Picts, among whom I lived six years; afterwards being sold to a Delaware, and by him put into the hands of a trader, I was carried among the Shawanese, with whom I continued six years: so that my whole time among these nations was twelve years, that is, from the eighth to the twentieth year of my age. At the treaty at Fort Pitt in the fall preceding

what is called Dunmore's war, which if I am right was in the year 1773, I came in with the Shawanese nation to the treaty, and meeting with some of my relations at that place, was by them solicited to relinquish the life of a savage, which I did with some reluctance, this manner of life having become natural to me, inasmuch as I had scarcely known any other. I enlisted as a soldier in the Continental army at the commencement of the present war, and served fifteen months. Having been properly discharged I have since married, have a family, and am in communion with the church.

To return: the party by whom we were made prisoners had taken some horses, and left them at the glades we had passed the day before. They had followed on our tracks from these glades, on our return to which we found the horses and rode. We were carried to Wachatomakak, a town of the Mingoes and Shawanese. I think it was on the third day we reached the town, which when we were approaching the Indians in whose custody we were began to look sour, having been kind to us before and given us a little meat and flour to eat, which they had found or taken from some of our men on their retreat. This town is small, and we were told was about two miles distant from the main town to which they meant to carry us.

The inhabitants from this town came out with clubs and tomahawks, struck, beat and abused us greatly. One of my two companions they seized, and having stripped him naked, blacked him with coal and water: this was the sign of being burnt; the man seemed to surmise it, and shed tears. He asked me the meaning of his being blacked, but I was forbid by the enemy in their own language to tell him what was intended. In English, which they spoke easily, having often been at Fort Pitt, they assured him he was not to be hurt. I know of no reason for making him the first object of their cruelty, unless it was that he was the oldest.

A warrior had been sent to the greater town to acquaint them

with our coming and prepare them for the frolic; for on our coming to it the inhabitants came out with guns, clubs and tomahawks. We were told that we had to run to the council-house, about three hundred yards. The man that was blacked was about twenty yards before us in running the gauntlet. They made him their principal object, men, women and children beating him, and those who had guns firing loads of powder on him as he ran naked, putting the muzzles of the guns to his body, shouting, hallooing and beating their drums in the meantime.

The unhappy man had reached the door of the council-house, beat and wounded in a manner shocking to the sight; for having arrived before him we had it in our power to view the spectacle; it was indeed the most horrid that can be conceived: they had cut him with their tomahawks, shot his body black, burnt it into holes with loads of powder blown into him; a large wadding had made a wound in his shoulder whence the blood gushed.

Agreeable to the declaration of the enemy when he first set out, he had reason to think himself secure when he had reached the door of the council-house. This seemed to be his hope, for coming up with great struggling and endeavour, he laid hold of the door, but was pulled back and drawn away by them. Finding they intended no mercy, but putting him to death, he attempted several times to snatch or lay hold of some of their tomahawks; but being weak could not effect it. We saw him borne off, and they were a long time beating, wounding, pursuing and killing him.

That same evening I saw the dead body of this man close by the council-house. It was mangled cruelly and the blood mingled with the powder was rendered black. The same evening I saw him, after he had been cut into pieces and his limbs and his head about two hundred yards on the outside of the town put on poles. That evening also I saw the bodies of three others in the same black and mangled condition. These I was told had been put to death the

same day, and just before we had reached the town. Their bodies as they lay were black, bloody, burnt with powder; two of these were Harrison and young Crawford. I knew the visage of Colonel Harrison, and I saw his clothing and that of young Crawford, at the town. They brought horses to me, and asked if I knew them. I said they were Harrison's and Crawford's. They said they were.

The third of these men I did not know, but believe him to have been Colonel McCleland, the third in command on the expedition.

The next day the bodies of these men were dragged to the outside of the town, and their carcasses being given to the dogs, their limbs and heads were stuck on poles.

My surviving companion shortly after we had reached the council-house was sent to another town, and I presume he was burnt or executed in the same manner.

In the evening the men assembled in the council-house. This is a large building, about fifty yards in length and about twenty-five yards wide, and about sixteen feet in height, built of split poles covered with bark. Their first object was to examine me, which they could do in their own language inasmuch as I could speak the Miami, Shawanese and Delaware languages, which I had learned during my early captivity in the last war. I found I had not forgotten these languages, especially the two former, being able to speak them as well as my native tongue.

They began with interrogating me concerning the situation of our country—what were our provisions, our numbers, the state of the war between us and Britain. I informed them Cornwallis had been taken; which next day, when Matthew Elliot, with James Girty, came they affirmed to be a lie; and all the Indians seemed to give full credit to their declaration.

Hitherto I had been treated with some appearance of kindness, but now the enemy began to alter their behaviour towards me.

Girty had informed them that when he asked me how I liked to live there, I had said that I intended to take the first opportunity to take a scalp and run off. It was, to be sure, *very probable* that if I had such intentions I would communicate them to him. Another man came to me and told a story of his having lived on the south branch of Potowmac in Virginia, and having three brothers there he pretended he wanted to get away, but I suspected his design; nevertheless he reported that I had consented to go. In the meantime I was not tied, and could have escaped, but having nothing to put on my feet I waited some time longer to provide for this.

I was invited every night to the war dances, which they usually continued until almost day. I could not comply with their desire, believing these things to be the service of the devil.

The council lasted fifteen days, from fifty to one hundred warriors being usually in council, and sometimes more. Every warrior is admitted to these councils, but only the chiefs or head warriors have the privilege of speaking. The head warriors are accounted such from the number of scalps and prisoners they have taken.

The third day McKee was in council, and afterwards was generally present. He spoke little and did not ask any questions or speak to me at all. He lives about two miles out of the town, has a house built of squared logs with a shingled roof; he was dressed in gold-laced cloathes. I had seen him at the former town through which I passed.

I think it was on the last day of the council save one, that a speech came from Detroit brought by a warrior who had been councilling with the commanding officer at that place. The speech had been long expected, and was in answer to one sometime before sent from the town to Detroit: it was in a belt of wampum, and began with addressing them: "My children," and enquiring why they continued to take prisoners. "Provisions are scarce;

when prisoners are brought in we are obliged to maintain them, and still some of them are running away, and carrying tidings of our affairs. When any of our people fall into the hands of the rebels they shew no mercy; why then should you take any prisoners? Take no more prisoners, my children, of any sort, man, woman or child."

Two days after, a party of every nation that was near being collected, it was determined on to take no more prisoners of any sort. They had held a large council, and the determination was that if it were possible they could find a child of a span or three inches long, they would show it no mercy. At the conclusion of the council it was agreed upon by all the tribes present, viz: the Mingoes, Tawaws, Chippewas, the Wyandots, the Delawares, the Shawanese, the Munses, and a part of the Cherokees, that should any of the nations who were not present take any prisoners, these would rise against them, take away the prisoners and put them to death.

In the course of these deliberations I understood what was said perfectly. They laid plans against our settlements of Kentucky, the Falls, and towards Wheeling. These it will be unnecessary for me to mention in this narrative, more especially as the Indians finding me to have escaped, and knowing that I would not fail to communicate these designs, will be led to alter their resolutions.

There was one council held at which I was not present: the warriors had sent for me as usual, but the squaw with whom I lived would not suffer me to go, but hid me under a large quantity of skins. It may have been from an unwillingness that I should hear in council the determination with respect to me, that I should be burnt.

About this time twelve men were brought in from Kentucky three of whom were burnt on this day: the remainder were dis-

tributed to other towns, and all, as the Indians informed me were burnt. This was after the speech came from Detroit.

On this day also I saw an Indian who had just come into town, and who said that the prisoner he was bringing to be burnt, and who he said was a doctor, had made his escape from him. The Indian had a wound four inches long in his head, which he acknowledged the doctor had given him; he was cut to the skull. His story was that he had untied the doctor, being asked by him to do so, the doctor promising that he would not go away; that while he was employed in kindling the fire the doctor snatched up the gun, had come behind and struck him; that he then made a stroke at the doctor with his knife, which he laid hold of, and his fingers were cut almost off, the knife being drawn through his hand: that he gave the doctor two stabs, one in the belly the other in the back; said the doctor was a great big, tall, strong man. Being now adopted in an Indian family and having some confidence for my safety, I took the liberty to contradict this, and said that I knew the doctor, who was a weak, little man. The other warriors laughed immoderately, and did not seem to credit him. At this time I was told that Colonel Crawford was burnt, and they greatly exulted over it.

The day after the council I have mentioned, about forty warriors accompanied by George Girty, came early in the morning round the house where I was. The squaw gave me up. I was sitting before the door of the house; they put a rope round my neck, tied my arms behind my back, stripped me naked, and blacked me in the usual manner. George Girty, as soon as I was tied, damned me and said that I now should get what I had deserved many years. I was lead away to a town distant about five miles, to which a messenger had been despatched to desire them to prepare to receive me. Arriving at this town I was beaten with clubs and the pipe ends of their tomahawks, and was kept for some time tied to

a tree before a house door. In the meanwhile the inhabitants set out to another town about two miles distant, where I was to be burnt, and where I arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Here also was a council-house, part of it covered, and part without a roof. In the part of it where no cover was, but only sides built up, there stood a post about sixteen feet in height, and in the middle of the house around the post there were three piles of wood built about three feet high, and four feet from the post. Being brought to the post, my arms were tied behind me, and the thong or cord with which they were bound was fastened to the post; a rope also was put about my neck and tied to the post about four feet above my head. During the time they were tying me, piles of wood were kindled and began to flame.

Death by burning, which appeared to be now my fate, I had resolved to sustain with patience. The divine grace of God had made it less alarming to me, for on my way this day I had been greatly exercised in regard to my latter end. I knew myself to have been a regular member of the church and to have sought repentance for my sins; but though I had often heard of the faith of assurance, had known nothing of it. But early this day, instantaneously, by a change wrought upon me sudden and perceivable as lightning, an assurance of my peace made with God sprung up in my mind. The following words were the subject of my meditation "—In peace shalt thou see God." "Fear not those who can kill the body." "In peace shalt thou depart." I was on this occasion, by a confidence in mind not to be resisted, fully assured of my salvation: this being the case I was willing, satisfied, and glad to die.

I was tied to the post, as I have already said, and the flame was now kindled. The day was clear, not a cloud to be seen: if there were clouds low in the horizon, the sides of the house prevented me from seeing them, but I heard no thunder nor observed any sign of approaching rain. Just as the fire of one pile began to

blaze, the wind rose. From the time they began to kindle the fire and to tie me to the post, until the wind began to blow, was about fifteen minutes. The wind blew a hurricane, and the rain followed in less than three minutes. The rain fell violent: and the fire, though it began to blaze considerably, was instantly extinguished. The rain lasted about a quarter of an hour.

When it was over the savages stood amazed, and were a long time silent. At last one said: "We will let him alone till morning, and take a whole day's frolic in burning him." The sun at this time was about three hours high. It was agreed upon, and the rope about my neck was untied, and making me sit down they began to dance around me. They continued dancing in this manner until eleven o'clock at night; in the meantime beating, kicking and wounding me with their tomahawks and clubs.

At last one of the warriors, the Half Moon, asked me if I was sleepy. I answered yes. The head warrior then chose out three men to take care of me. I was taken to a block house; my arms were tied until the cord was hid in the flesh; they were tied in two places, round the wrist and above the elbows. A rope was fastened about my neck and tied to a beam of the house, but permitting me to lie down on a board. The three warriors were constantly harassing and troubling me, saying: "How will you like to eat fire tomorrow; you will kill no more Indians now." I was in expectation of their going to sleep: when at length about an hour before daybreak, two laid down; the third smoked a pipe, talked to me, and asked the same painful questions. About half an hour after he also laid down and I heard him begin to snore. I instantly went to work, and as my arms were perfectly dead with the cord, I laid myself down upon my right arm, which was behind my back, and keeping it fast with my fingers, which still had some life and strength, I slipped the cord from my left arm over my elbow and my wrist. One of the warriors now got up, and stirred the fire; I was apprehensive that I should be examined, and thought it was

over with me; but my hopes revived when now he laid down again. I then attempted to unloose the rope about my neck, tried to gnaw it but in vain, as it was as thick as my thumb and as hard as iron, being made of a buffaloe hide. I wrought with it a long time, gave it out and could see no relief. At this time I saw day break and heard the cock crow. I made a second attempt, almost without hope, pulling the rope by putting my fingers between my neck and it, and to my great surprise it came easily untied: it was a noose with two or three knots tied over it.

I stept over the warriors as they lay, and having got out of the house looked back to see if there was any disturbance. I then ran through the town into a cornfield; in my way I saw a squaw with four or five children lying asleep under a tree. Going a different way into the field I untied my arm, which was greatly swelled and turned black; having observed a number of horses in the glade as I went through it, I went to catch one, and on my way found a piece of an old rug or quilt hanging on a fence, which I took with me. Having caught the horse, the rope with which I had been tied serving for a halter, I rode off. The horse was strong and swift, and the woods being open and the country level, about ten o'clock that day I crossed the Scioto river at a place by computation fifty full miles from the town. I had rode about twenty miles on this side of the Scioto by 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when the horse began to fail and could not longer go in a trot. I instantly left him, and on foot ran about twenty miles farther that day, making in the whole the distance of near one hundred miles. In the evening I heard hallooing behind me, and for this reason did not halt until about ten o'clock at night, when I sat down, was extremely sick and vomited; but when the moon rose, which might have been about two hours, after, I went on and travelled until day.

During the night I had a path, but in the morning judged it prudent to forsake the path and take a ridge for the distance of

fifteen miles in a line at right angles to my course, putting back as I went along, with a stick, the weeds which I had bended, lest I should be tracked by the enemy. I lay the next night on the waters of Muskingum. The nettles had been troublesome to me after my crossing the Scioto, having nothing to defend myself but the piece of a rug which I had found and which while I rode I used under me by way of saddle. The briers and thorns were now painful to and prevented me from travelling in the night until the moon appeared; in the meantime I was hindered from sleeping by the musketoes, for even in the day I was under the necessity of travelling with a handful of bushes to brush them from my body.

The second night I reached Cushakim; next day came to Newcomerstown, where I got about seven raspberries, which were the first thing I ate from the morning in which the Indians had taken to burn me, until this time, which was now about three o'clock the fourth day. I felt hunger very little, but was extremely weak. I swam the Muskingum river at Oldcomers' town the river being about two hundred yards wide. Having reached the bank I sat down, looked back, and thought I had a start of the Indians, should any pursue. That evening I travelled about five miles, next day came to Stillwater, a small river, in a branch of which I got two small crawfish to eat: next night I lay within five miles of Wheeling, but had not slept a wink during this whole time seing rendered impossible by the musketoes, which it was my constant employment to brush away. Next day I came to Wheeling and saw a man on the island in the Ohio opposite to that post, and calling to him and asking for particular persons who had been on the expedition, and telling him I was Slover, at length, with great difficulty, he was persuaded to come over and bring me across in his canoe.

ROBERT BENHAM'S NARRATIVE OF AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE INDIANS

[The two following Narratives—with several others which will be found in this selection, —we have extracted from the *Western Review and Miscellaneous Magazine*, published by William Gibbes Hunt.]

ABOUT the year 1778 or 1779, seventy or eighty persons, in five keel boats, were ascending the Ohio river. Among them were a Major Rogers, Mr. John Watson and Mr. Robert Benham. Between Cincinnati and Columbia they fell in with a party of Indians engaged in making a raft or crossing the river upon it. The Major observed, "Those fellows must be disposed of before we can proceed;" and the whole party, excepting one man in each boat, went on shore to attack them. Just as they were advancing towards the raft, a heavy fire was poured in on their rear. Finding themselves surrounded, they deemed it prudent to turn upon their assailants and to endeavour instantly to regain their boats. This, however, though the Indians retreated, they were unable to effect. One of the boats was taken off by the five men left in them, and the rest fell into the hands of the enemy. The party on land drove the savages before them nearly as far as the mouth of Licking River, when it began to grow dark. There were now but ten men left, the rest, including Major Rogers, having fallen. A short council was held, and it was resolved to make a desperate effort, by charging upon the enemy's line, to make a way through it. The plan succeeded beyond expectation. Two, one of which was Mr. Benham, were badly wounded in its execution, but the rest, Mr. Watson and seven others, escaped unhurt, and reached Harrodsburgh some days after; but without any clothing except the wristbands and collars of their shirts and the waistbands of their trowsers.

Very different was the fate of the wounded. Benham, being shot through the hips, was unable to proceed. He concealed himself therefore amidst the boughs of a fallen tree, where he remained two days. Late on the second day a raccoon came near him and he shot it. Instantly some one called out. Supposing it to be an Indian, he loaded his piece and continued silent. The same voice, much nearer to him, soon called out again. He now concluded he should be killed, but resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible. He was, however, happily relieved by the exclamation in plain English, "Whoever you are, for God's sake answer me." Being now convinced that the applicant was not a savage, he answered without hesitation; and was soon approached by his unfortunate companion, *with both arms broken.* After their mutual joy at meeting had subsided a little, Benham desired his friend to kick to him the raccoon, which being thus obtained was skinned and cooked; and Benham fed his companion as well as himself. They now became very thirsty, and Benham, still unable to move, expected to die of thirst; but his companion, having been to Licking River and waded in so far as to be able to stoop and drink, returned and desired Benham to put his hat in his mouth, that he might bring him some water, which he did.

Captain Benham made use of their shirts to dress their wounds, which recovered surprisingly. They remained at this spot two weeks. Benham shot game, and his companion pushed it to him by his feet, as he did also the fuel necessary for cooking. When turkeys were seen, the broken-armed man would walk around at a considerable distance from them and drive them so as to make them come within reach of Benham's shot. The hat continued to supply the place of a water vessel. In two weeks Benham could, by using his gun as a crutch, move forward a little. They then proceeded to the mouth of Licking, about one mile, where they arrived in two weeks more. One of the broken arms getting so as to be of use and Benham being able to walk a little, they fixed themselves a kind of

shelter by the side of a large log fronting the Ohio river, where they remained, subsisting in the way described above, until late in November, when they saw a flat boat descending the Ohio. They made signals of distress, but the boat began to row off, those on board supposing them to be Indians. At last however two men (one named Nicholas Welch) jumped into a canoe, resolving at all hazards to ascertain who and what they were, and if their countrymen, to bring them off. For this purpose they landed below Licking, and took such a position as enabled them to ascertain that these unfortunate men were friends; after which they took them on board and brought them down safe to the Falls. Here fortunately their clothing was found, having been found in the boat which had escaped with the five men.

Captain Benham afterwards acted as conductor-general of the pack-horses in all the expeditions carried on by Generals Harmer, St. Clair, Wayne and Wilkinson. He was in the defeats of St. Clair and Adair, and at length purchased part of the land on which he had fought with Major Rogers, where he ended a long and useful life. Peace to his *manes!*

ADAM POE'S CONTEST WITH TWO INDIANS

ABOUT the year 1782 six or seven Wyandot Indians crossed over to the south side of the Ohio River, fifty miles below Pittsburgh, and in their hostile excursions among our early settlers killed an old man whom they found alone in one of the houses which they plundered. The news soon spread among the white people, seven or eight of whom seized their rifles and pursued the marauders. In this party were two brothers, named Adam and Andrew Poe, strong and active men and much respected in the settlement. The Indians had frequently been over before, had sometimes penetrated twenty miles into the country, and had always succeeded in recrossing the river without being overtaken by

our people. The Poes and their companions were therefore particularly anxious not to let them escape on this occasion. They pursued them all night, and in the morning found themselves, as they expected, upon the right track. The Indians, could now be easily followed by the traces left upon the dew. The print of one very large foot was seen, and it was thus known that a famous Indian of uncommon size and strength must be of the party. The track led to the river. Our people followed it directly, Adam Poe excepted, who feared that they might be taken by surprise, and broke off from the rest to go along on the edge of the bank, under the cover of trees and bushes, and to fall upon the savages suddenly that he might get them between his own fire and that of his companions. At the point where he suspected they were, he saw the rafts which they were accustomed to push before them when they swam the river, and on which they placed their blankets, tomahawks and guns. The Indians themselves he could not see, and was obliged to go partly down the bank to get a shot at them. As he descended with his rifle cocked, he discovered two, the celebrated large Indian and a smaller one, separated from the others, holding their rifles also cocked in their hands. He took aim at the large one, but his rifle snapped without giving the intended fire. The Indians turned instantly at the sound. Poe was too near them to retreat, and had not time to cock and take aim again. Suddenly he leaped down upon them and caught the large Indian by the clothes on his breast, and the small one by throwing an arm round his neck. They all fell together, but Poe was uppermost. While he was struggling to keep down the large Indian the small one, at a word spoken by his fellow savage, slipped his neck out of Poe's embrace, and ran to the raft for a tomahawk. The large Indian at this moment threw his arms about Poe's body and held him fast, that the other might come up and kill him. Poe watched the approach and the descending arm of the small Indian so well that at the instant of the intended stroke he raised his foot, and by a

vigorous and skillful blow knocked the tomahawk from the assailant's hand. At this the large Indian cried out with an exclamation of contempt of the small one. The latter, however, caught his tomahawk again, and approached more cautiously, waving his arm up and down with mock blows to deceive Poe as to the stroke which was intended to be real and fatal. Poe, however, was so vigilant and active that he averted the tomahawk from his head, and received it upon his wrist, with a considerable wound, deep enough to cripple but not entirely to destroy the use of his hand. In this crisis of peril he made a violent effort and broke loose from the large Indian. He snatched a rifle and shot the small one through the breast as he ran up a third time with his lifted tomahawk. The large Indian was now on his feet, and grasping Poe by the shoulder and the leg, hurled him in the air heels over head upon the shore. Poe instantly rose, and a new and more desperate struggle ensued The bank was slippery and they fell into the water, where each strove to drown the other. Their efforts were long and doubtful, each alternately under and half strangled, till Poe fortunately grasped, with his unwounded hand, the tuft of hair upon the scalp of the Indian, and forced his head into the water. This appeared to be decisive of his fate, for soon he mainfested all the symptoms of a drowning man bewildered in the moment of death. Poe relaxed his hold, and discovered too late the stratagem. The Indian was instantly upon his feet again, and engaged anew in the fierce contest for life and victory. They were naturally carried further into the stream, and the current becoming stronger bore them beyond their depth. They were now compelled to loosen their hold upon each other and to swim for mutual safety. Both sought the shore to seize a gun, but the Indian was the best swimmer, and gained it first. Poe then turned immediately back into the water to avoid a greater danger, meaning to dive if possible to escape the fire. Fortunately the Indian caught up the rifle which had been discharged into the breast of his smaller companion. At this crit-

ical juncture Andrew the brother returned in haste, having left the party who had been in pursuit of the other Indians, and who had killed all but one of them, at the expense of three of their own lives. He heard that Adam was in great peril, and alone in the fight with two against him. One of our people following not far in the rear of Andrew, mistook Adam in the water with his bloody hand, for a wounded Indian, and fired a bullet into his shoulder. Adam cried out to his brother to kill the big Indian on the shore, but Andrew's gun had been discharged and was not again loaded. The contest was now between Andrew and the savage. Each laboured to load his rifle first. The Indian, after putting in his powder and hurrying his motions to force down the ball, drew out his ramrod with such violence as to throw it some yards into the water. While he ran to pick it up, Andrew gained an advantage, and shot the Indian just as he was raising his gun to his eye for a deadly aim. Andrew then jumped into the river to assist his wounded brother to the shore; but Adam, thinking more of carrying the big Indian home as a trophy than of his own wounds, urged Andrew to go back and prevent the struggling savage from rolling himself into the current and escaping. Andrew, however, was too solicitous for the fate of Adam to allow him to obey, and the Indian, jealous of his honor as a warrior even in death, and knowing well the intention of his white conquerors, succeeded in retaining life and action long enough to reach the current, by which his dead body was carried down beyond the chance of pursuit.

This native was the most distinguished among the celebrated brothers belonging to the royal family of the tribe of Wyandots. Notwithstanding he was engaged in this predatory expedition, he was acknowledged by all to be peculiarly magnanimous for an Indian, and had contributed, more than any other individual, to preserve and extend the practice, which was known to prevail in his tribe, that of not taking the lives of prisoners, and of not suffering them to be treated ill. This practice was an honourable distinction

for the Wyandots, as was well understood by the white people who were traders with the Indians, and by those of our early settlers and brethren who had been made prisoners in war. It was a common remark among them, "If we become the prisoners of the Wyandots we shall be fortunate." The death of this large Indian and of his four brothers, who were all in the party, was more deeply lamented by the tribe as was afterwards learned, than all the other losses sustained during the hostilities carried on between them and us. There was a universal, solemn and distressing mourning.

Adam Poe recovered from his wounds and gave this account in person to James Morrison, Esq., from whom we have received it and by whom we are assured it is correct. The courage and enterprise, the suffering and fortitude, the decision and perseverance of the early settlers of this western country, by whose labors we are now so peaceful and happy, ought not to be forgotten, but may well be related from time to time to excite in us the spirit of similar virtues, and to teach us how to consider the slight privations which we are or may be called to meet. Gratitude is more appropriate to our condition that discontent.

REMARKABLE ENCOUNTER OF A WHITE MAN WITH TWO INDIANS

In a Letter to a Gentleman of Philadelphia

Dear Sir:

I wrote you a note a few days ago, in which I promised you the particulars of an affair between a white man of this county and two Indians: now I mean to relate the whole story, and it is as follows:

The white man is upwards of sixty years of age; his name is David Morgan, a kinsman to Col. Morgan of the rifle battalion.

This man had through fear of the Indians fled to a fort about twenty miles above the province line, and near the east side of Monongahela river. From thence he sent some of his younger children to his plantation, which was about a mile distant, there to do some business in the field. He afterwards through fit to follow and see how they fared. Getting to his field and seating himself upon the fence, within view of his children where they were at work, he espied two Indians making towards them; on which h called to his children to make their escape. The Indians immediately bent their course towards him. He made the best haste to escape away that his age and consequent infirmity would permit; but soon found he would be overtaken, which made him think of defence. Being armed with a good rifle he faced about and found himself under the necessity of running four or five perches towards the Indians, in order to obtain shelter behind a tree of sufficient size.

This unexpected manoeuvre obliged the Indians, who were close by, to stop, where they had but small timber to shelter behind, which gave Mr. Morgan an opportunity of shooting one of them dead upon the spot. The other, taking the advantage of Morgan's empty gun, advanced upon him and put him to flight a second time; and being lighter of foot than the old man soon came up within a few paces, when he fired at him but fortunately missed him. On this Mr. Morgan faced about again to try his fortune, and clubbed his firelock. The Indian by this time had got his tomahawk in order for a throw, at which they are very dextrous. Morgan made the blow, and the Indian the throw, almost at the same instant, by which the little finger was cut off Morgan's left hand, and the one next to it almost off, and his gun broke off by the lock. Now they came to close grips. Morgan put the Indian down, but soon found himself overturned and the Indian upon him, feeling for his knife and yelling most hideously, as their manner is when they look upon victory to be certain. However, a woman's

apron, which the Indian had plundered out of a house in the neighborhood and tied on him, was now in his way and so hindered him from getting at it quickly, that Morgan got one of his fingers fast in his mouth, and deprived him of the use of that hand by holding it, and disconcerted him considerably by chewing it; all the while observing how he would come on with his knife. At length the Indian had got hold of his knife, but so far towards the blade that Morgan got a small hold of the hinder end; and as the Indian pulled it out of the scabbard, Morgan giving his finger a severe screw with his teeth, twitched it out through his hand, cutting it most grievously. By this time they were both got partly on their feet, and the Indian was endeavouring to disengage himself; but Morgan held fast by the finger, and quickly applied the point of the knife to the side of its savage owner; a bone happening in the way prevented its penetrating any great depth, but a second blow directed more towards the belly found free passage into his bowels. The old man turned the point upwards, made a large wound, burying the knife therein, and so took his departure instantly to the fort, with the news of his adventure.

On the report of Mr. Morgan a party went out from the fort and found the first Indian where he had fallen. The second they found not yet dead, at one hundred yards' distance from the scene of action, hid in the top of a fallen tree, where he had picked the knife out of his body, after which had come out parched corn, etc. and had bound up his wound with the apron aforementioned; and on first sight he saluted them with, "How do do, broder, how do do broder;" but alas, poor savage, their brotherhood to him extended only to tomahawking, scalping, and to gratify some peculiar feelings of their own, skinning them both; and they have made drum-heads of their skins.

Westmoreland, April 26, 1779

REMARKABLE ADVENTURES OF JACKSON JOHONNOT

A SOLDIER UNDER GENERALS HARMAR AND ST. CLAIR

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF HIS CAPTIVITY, SUFFERINGS AND ESCAPE FROM THE KICKAPOO INDIANS

THERE is seldom a more difficult task undertaken by man than the act of writing a narrative of a person's own life; especially where the incidents border on the marvelous. Prodigies but seldom happen; and the veracity of the relators of them is still less frequently vouched for; however, as the dispensations of Providence towards me have been too striking not to make a deep and grateful impression, and as the principal part of them can be attested by living evidences, I shall proceed, being confident that the candid reader will pardon the inaccuracies of an illiterate soldier, and that the tender-hearted will drop the tear of sympathy, when they realize the idea of the sufferings of such of our unfortunate country folks as fall into the hands of the Western Indians, whose tender mercies are cruelties.

I was born and brought up at Falmouth, Casco Bay*, where I resided until I attained to the seventeenth year of my age. My parents were poor, the farm we occupied small and hard to cultivate, their family large and expensive, and every way fitted to spare me to seek a separate fortune; at least these ideas had gained so great an ascendancy in my mind that I determined, with the consent of my parents, to look out for a means of supporting myself

Having fixed on the matter firmly I took leave of my friends and sailed, the first of May, 1791, on board a coasting schooner for Boston. Being arrived in this capital, and entirely out of employ, I had many uneasy sensations, and more than once sincerely wished

* Now Portland, Me.

myself at home with my parents. However, as I had set out on an important design and as yet met with no misfortune, pride kept me from this act, while necessity urged me to fix speedily on some mode of obtaining a livelihood.

My mind was severely agitated on this subject one morning, when a young officer came into my room, and soon entered into a conversation on the pleasures of a military life, the great chance there was for an active young man to obtain promotion and the grand prospect opening for making great fortunes in the western country. His discourse had the desired effect, for after treating me with a bowl or two of punch I enlisted, with a firm promise on his side to assist me in obtaining a sergeant's warrant before the party left Boston.

An entire new scene now opened before me. Instead of becoming a sergeant I was treated severely for my ignorance in a matter I had till then scarcely thought of, and insultingly ridiculed for remonstrating against the conduct of the officer. I suffered great uneasiness on these and other accounts of a similar kind, for some time; at length, convinced of the futility of complaint, I applied myself to study the exercise and in a few days became tolerably expert. The beginning of July we left Boston and proceeded on our way to join the western army. When we arrived at Fort Washington I was ordered to join Captain Phelon's company, and in a few days set out on the expedition under General Harmar. Those alone who have experienced can tell what hardships men undergo in such excursions: hunger, fatigue and toil were our constant attendants. However as our expectations were raised with the idea of easy conquest, rich plunder and fine arms in the end, we made a shift to be tolerably merry; for my own part I had obtained a sergeantcy, and flattered myself I was in the direct road to honour, fame and fortune. Alas, how fluctuating are the scenes of life, how singularly precarious the fortune of a soldier! Before

a single opportunity presented in which I could have a chance to signalize myself, it was my lot to be taken in an ambuscade by a party of Kickapoo Indians, and with ten others constrained to experience scenes in comparison of which our former distresses sank into nothing. We were taken on the bank of the Wabash, and immediately conveyed to the upper Miami; at least such of us as survived. The second day after we were taken one of my companions, by the name of George Aikins, a native of Ireland, became so faint with hunger and fatigue that he could proceed no further. A short council was immediately held among the Indians who guarded us, the result of which was that he should be put to death: this was no sooner determined on than a scene of torture began. The captain of the guard approached the wretched victim, who lay bound upon the ground, and with his knife made a circular incision on the skull; two others immediately pulled off the scalp. After this they each of them struck him on the head with their tomahawks; they then stripped him naked, stabbed him with their knives in every sensitive part of the body, and left him weltering in blood, though not quite dead, a wretched victim to Indian rage and hellish barbarity.

We were eight days on our march to the upper Miami, during which painful travel no pen can describe our sufferings from hunger, thirst and toil. We were met at the entrance of the town by above five hundred Indians, beside squaws and children, who were apprized of our approach by a most hideous yelling made by our guard and answered repeatedly from the village. Here we were all severely beaten by the Indians, and four of our number, viz: James Durgee of Concord, Samuel Forsythe of Beverly, Robert Deloy of Marblehead, and Uzza Benton of Salem, who all fainted under their heavy trials, were immediately scalped and tomahawked in our presence, and tortured to death with every affliction of misery that Indian ingenuity could invent.

It was the 4th of August when we were taken, and our unhappy companions were massacred the thirteenth. News was that day received of the destruction at L'Anguille, &c., of General Harmar's army, numbers of scalps were exhibited by the warriors, and several prisoners, among were three women and six children, carr ried through the village, destined to a Kickapoo settlement furthewestward. The 15th of August four more of my fellow-prisoners, viz: Lemuel Saunders of Boston, Thomas Tharp of Dorchester, Vincent Upham of Mystic, and Younglove Croxal of Abington, were taken from us; but whether they were massacred or preserved alive I am unable to say. After this nothing material occurred for a fortnight, except that we were several times severely whipped on the receipt of bad news, and our allowance of provisions lessened, so that we were apprehensive of starving to death if we did not fall an immediate sacrifice to the fire or tomahawk: but heaven had otherwise decreed.

On the night following the 30th of August our guard, which consisted of four Indians, tired out with watching, laid down to sleep, leaving only an old squaw to attend us. Providence so ordered that my companion had by some means got one of his hands at liberty, and having a knife in his pocket soon cut the withes that bound his feet, and that which pinioned my arms, unperceived by the old squaw, who sat in a drowsy position, not suspecting harm, over a small fire in the wigwam.

I ruminated but a few moments on our situation. There was no weapon near us except my companion's knife, which he still held; I looked on him to make him observe me, and the same instant sprung and grasped the squaw by the throat to prevent her making a noise, and my comrade in a moment cut her throat from ear to ear, down to the neck-bone. He then seized a tomahawk and myself a rifle, and striking at the same instant despatched two of our enemies. The sound of these blows awakened the others,

but before they had time to rise we renewed our strokes on them, and luckily to so good effect as to stun them; and then repeating the blow we sunk a tomahawk in each of their heads, armed ourselves completely and taking what provisions the wigwam afforded, we committed ourselves to the protection of Providence and made the best of our way into the wilderness.

The compass of a volume would scarce contain the events of our progress through the wilderness; but as they were uninteresting to any but ourselves, I shall only observe generally that the difficulties of the journey were too great to have been endured by any who had less interest than life at stake or a less terrible enemy than Indians to fear. Hunger, thirst and fatigue were our constant companions. We travelled hard day and night, except the few hours absolutely necessary for repose, that Nature might not sink under her oppression, at which period one constantly watched while the other slept. In this tiresome mode we proceeded until the fifteenth of September, having often to shift our direction on account of impassable bogs, deep morasses and hideous precipices, without meeting any adventure worthy of note. On the morning of the fifteenth, as we were steering nearly a north course in order to avoid a bog that interrupted our course South East, we found the bodies of an old man, a woman and two children newly murdered, stript and scalped. This horrid spectacle chilled our blood; we viewed the wretched victims and from what we could collect from circumstances we concluded that they had been dragged away from their homes, and their feet being worn out had been inhumanly murdered and left weltering in their blood. We were at a great loss now to determine what course to steer; at length we pitched upon a direction about northwest, and walked on as fast as possible to escape the savages, if practicable. About noon this day we came to a good spring, which was a great relief to us, but which we had good reason a few minutes after to believe would be the last of our earthly comforts. My companion, Richard Sackville, a

corporal of Captain Newman's company, stepped aside into the thicket on some occasion, and returned with the account that a few rods distant he had discovered four Indians, with two miserable wretches bound, sitting under a tree eating; and that if I would join him, he would either relieve the captives or perish in the attempt. The resolution of my worthy comrade pleased me greatly; and as no time was to be lost, we set immediately about the execution of our design. Sackville took the lead, and conducted me undiscovered within fifty yards of the Indians. Two of them were laid down with their musquets in their arms, and appeared to be asleep; the other two sat at the head of the prisoners, their musquets resting against their left shoulders and in their right hands each of them a tomahawk, over the heads of their prisoners. We each chose our man to fire at, and taking aim deliberately had the satisfaction to see them both fall; the others instantly started, and seeming at a loss to determine from whence the assault was made, fell on their bellies and looked carefully around to discover the best course to take; meantime we had re-charged, and shifting our position a little, impatiently waited their rising. In a minute they raised on their hands and knees, and having as we supposed discovered the smoke of our guns rising above the bushes, attempted to crawl into a thicket on the opposite side. This gave us a good chance, and we again fired at different men, and with such effect that we brought them both down. One lay motionless, the other crawled along a few yards; we loaded in an instant and rushed towards him, yet keeping an eye on him, as he had reached his comrade's gun and sat upright in a posture of defence. By our noise in the bushes he discovered the direction to fire, alas, too fatally, for by his fatal shot I lost my comrade and friend Sackville. At this moment the two prisoners, who were close pinioned, endeavoured to make their escape towards me, but the desperate savage again fired, and shot one of them dead: the other gained the thicket within a few yards of me. I had now once more got ready

to fire, and discharged at the wounded Indian. At this discharge I wounded him in the neck, from whence I perceived the blood to flow swiftly, but he yet undauntedly kept his seat, and having new-charged his gun, fired upon us with them both, and then fell, seemingly from faintness and loss of blood. I ran instantly to the pinioned white man, and having unbound his arms and armed him with the unfortunate Sackville's musquet, we cautiously approached a few yards nearer the wounded Indian; when I ordered my new comrade to fire, and we could perceive the shot took effect. The savage still lay motionless. As soon as my companion had reloaded we approached the Indian, whom we found not quite dead, and a tomahawk in each hand, which he flourished at us, seemingly determined not to be taken alive. I, for my part, determined to take him alive if possible; but my comrade prevented me by shooting him through the body. I now enquired of my new companion what course we ought to steer, and whence the party came from whose power I had relieved him. He informed me with respect to the course, which we immediately took, and on the way let me know that we were within about three days' march of Fort Jefferson; that he and three others were taken by a party of ten Wabash Indians four days before, in the neighbourhood of that fort; that two of his companions being wounded were immediately scalped and killed; that the party at the time of taking him had in their possession seven other prisoners, three of whom were committed to the charge of a party of four Indians. What became of them we knew not; the others being worn down with fatigue were massacred the day before, and which I found to be those whose bodies poor Sackville had discovered in the thicket; that the other two Indians were gone towards the settlements, having sworn to kill certain persons whose names he had forgotten, and that destruction seemed to be their whole drift.

My comrade, whose name on enquiry I found to be George Sexton, formerly a resident of Newport, Rhode Island, I found to

be an excellent woodsman and a man of great spirit, and so grateful for the deliverance I had been instrumental in obtaining for him that he would not suffer me to watch for him to sleep but one hour in the four and twenty, although he was so fatigued as to have absolute need of a much greater proportion; neither would he permit me to carry any of our baggage.

From the time of being joined by Sexton we steered a south-east course as direct as possible until the 18th towards night, directing our course by the sun and the moss on the trees by day, and the moon by night. On the evening of the 18th we providentially fell in with an American scouting party, who conducted, us safely in a few hours, to Fort Jefferson, where we were treated with great humanity and supplied with the best refreshments the fort afforded; which to me was very acceptable, as I had not tasted anything except wild berries and ground nuts for above a week.

The week after our arrival at Fort Jefferson I was able to return to my duty in my own regiment, which the latter end of August joined the army on an expedition against the Indians of the Miami Village, the place in which I had suffered so much and so recently, and where I had beheld so many cruelties perpetrated on unfortunate Americans. It is easier to conceive than describe the perturbation of my mind on this occasion. The risk I should run in common with my fellow soldiers seemed heightened by the certainty of torture that awaited me in case of being captured by the savages. However, these reflections only occasioned a firm resolution of doing my duty vigilantly, and selling my life in action as dear as possible, but by no means to be taken alive if I could evade it by any exertion short of suicide.

My captain shewed me every kindness in his power on the march, indulged me with a horse as often as possible, and promised to use his influence to obtain a commission for me if I conducted [myself] well (on) the present expedition. Poor gentleman, little

did he think he was soon to expire, gallantly fighting the battles of his country! I hasten now to the most interesting part of my short narrative, the description of General St. Clair's defeat, and the scenes which succeeded it.

On the 3rd of November we arrived within a few miles of the Miami Village. Our army consisted of about 1200 regular troops and an equal number of militia. The night of the 3rd, having reason to expect an attack, we were ordered under arms about midnight and kept in order until just before daylight; at which time our scouts having been sent out in various directions and no enemy discovered, we were dismissed from the parade to take some refreshment. The men in general, almost worn out with fatigue, had thrown themselves down to repose a little; but their rest was of short duration, for before sunrise the Indians began a desperate attack upon the militia, which soon threw them into disorder and forced them to retire precipitately into the very heart of our camp.

Great God, what were my feelings when, starting from my slumbers I heard the most tremendous firing all around, with yellings, horrid whoopings and expiring groans in dreadful discord sounding in my ears! I seized my arms, ran out of my tent with several of my comrades, and saw the Indians with their bloody tomahawks and murderous knives butchering the flying militia. I fled towards them, filled with desperation, discharged my firelock among them and had the satisfaction to see one of the tawny savages fall, whose tomahawk was that instant elevated to strike a gallant officer then engaged sword in hand with a savage in front. My example I have reasons to think animated my companions. Our own company now reached the place we occupied and aided by the regulars of other companies and regiments who joined us indiscriminately, we drove the Indians back into the bushes, and soon after formed in tolerable order, under as gallant commanders as ever died in defence of America. The firing ceased for a few

minutes, but it was like the interval of a tornado, calculated by an instantaneous dreadful reverse to strike the deeper horror. In one and the same minute seemingly the most deadly and heavy firing took place on every part of our camp; the army, exposed to the shot of the enemy, delivered from the ground, fell on every side and drenched the plains with blood, while the discharge from our troops, directed almost at random, I am fearful did but little execution. Orders were now given to charge with bayonets. We obeyed with alacrity; a dreadful swarm of tawny savages rose from the ground and fled before us; but alas, our officers, rendered conspicuous by their exertions to stimulate the men, became victims to savage ingenuity and fell so fast in common with the rest, that scarce a shot appeared as spent in vain. Advantages gained by the bayonet were by this means, and want of due support, lost again, and our little corps obliged in turn repeatedly to give way before the Indians. We were now reduced to less than half our original number of regular troops, and less than a fourth part of our officers, our horses all killed or taken, our artillerymen all cut off, and the pieces in the enemy's hands. In this dreadful dilemma we had nothing to do but to attempt a retreat, which soon became a flight, and for several miles, amidst the yells of Indians, more dreadful to my ears than screams of damned fiends to my ideas, amidst the groans of dying men and the dreadful sight of bloody massacres on every side, perpetrated by the Indians on the unfortunate creatures they overtook, I endured a degree of torture no tongue can describe or heart conceive; yet I providentially escaped unhurt, and frequently discharged my musket, I am persuaded to effect.

Providence was pleased to sustain my spirits and preserve my strength; and although I had been so far spent previous to setting out on the expedition as to be unable to go upon fatigue for several days, or even to bear a moderate degree of exercise, I reached Fort Jefferson the day after the action about ten in the morning, having travelled on foot all night to effect it.

Thus have I made the reader acquainted with the most interesting scenes of my life. Many of them are extraordinary, some of them perhaps incredible; but all of them founded in fact, which can be attested by numbers. General St. Clair, in consequence of my sufferings and what he and others were pleased to call soldier-like exertions, presented me with an ensign's commission on joining the remains of my old company, in which station I mean to serve my country again, as far as my slender abilities will permit trusting that the same kind protecting Providence which hath covered my head in the day of battle and shielded me repeatedly in the hour of danger, will dispose of me as to infinite wisdom seems best; and if I die in the cause of my country may the remembrance of my sufferings, escapes, perseverance through Divine support, and repeated mercies received, kindle a flame of heroism in the breast of many an American youth, and induce him while he reads the sufferings of his unfortunate countrymen, to exert himself to defend the worthy inhabitants on the frontiers from the depredations of savages whose horrid mode of war is a scene to be deprecated by civilized nature, whose tender mercies are cruelties, and whose faith is by no means to be depended on, though pledged in the most solemn treaties.

ANECDOTES

The two following anecdotes are taken from the *Western Review*

IN THE year 1781 or 1782, a gentleman named Woods, who with his family resided near the place now called the Crab Orchard, in this State,* and who had, for the benefit of his stock, imprudently erected his cabin at a considerable distance from the neighbouring settlement, went from home, leaving only his wife, one daughter about ten years of age, and a negro man, who was lame. Early the next morning after his departure Mrs. Woods

* Kentucky.

went out a short distance from the house, and discovered seven or eight Indians lying in ambush, who instantly pursued her. She fled, entered the house and was attempting to close the door, when one of the savages being in advance of his companions, pushed it open, went in and attacked the lame negro. Mrs. Woods shut the door, and a severe encounter ensued between the black and the yellow man. At length they fell, and the Indian being upon the negro evidently had the advantage. The latter therefore called to the little girl to take the axe and kill the savage. She seized the weapon, struck him a violent blow on the back, which wounded him severely, and by a second stroke dexterously aimed at his head brought him lifeless to the floor. The negro then called out to his mistress, who dared not leave the door for fear of its being forced open by the band without, to let in another, and they would kill them all, one by one. Fortunately however, the whites from the neighbouring station had by this time assembled, and coming to their relief fired upon the Indians, killed one, and instantly dispersed the remainder.

About the end of the year 1786 or beginning of 1787, a party of Indians attacked a family on Cooper's Run, Bourbon County, Kentucky, consisting of a young man, his mother and three sisters. The old lady and one daughter occupied the lower floor of one cabin, the young man was in the loft above, and the other two young women slept in a loom-house adjoining. The attack was made on both buildings at the same time. The young man escaped through the roof, alarmed the neighbourhood, and a party was soon collected under the command of Colonel Edwards. On their arrival at the house the old lady and two of her daughters were found dead: the third was carried off captive. Fortunately a little snow had fallen, which enabled the party to pursue with celerity, and late in the evening the noise of a dog directing their course, the young woman who had been taken was found apparently expiring. She

retained however sufficient recollection to extend her hand to her brother, who with a few others was left to take care of her, while the rest advanced with the utmost possible expedition, and in a few hundred yards overtook the savages, six in number, whom they soon dispatched. The party then returned to the place where the young woman had been left, and found that in the interval she had expired. The next morning they returned with the corpse to the first scene of action in order to inter the whole together. Whilst the graves were preparing, some dogs that had been with the party were barking at a log in the water, which several of the men concluded was in consequence of otters or other similar animals in the hollow of the log; but on examination they were much surprised to find the dead bodies of two Indians, who had probably been hidden there by their companions, having no doubt been killed by the two young women in the loom-house. Thus not one of this party survived to carry home the sad tidings.

EXPEDITION AND DEFEAT OF GENERAL HARMAR BY THE INDIANS, IN 1790

The following information has been derived from the official correspondence of Generals Harmar, Wilkinson, Scott, St. Clair and Wayne as published by Henry Trumbull in the year 1812.

ALTHOUGH a peace was happily effected between the two contending parties, Great Britain and America, in 1783, yet the savages who had been persuaded to take a part with the former were unwilling to bury the bloody hatchet. They had not sufficiently bathed that destructive weapon in the blood of the Americans. Without any pretext whatever they continued to exercise towards them the most wanton acts of barbarity. It appeared from respectable evidence that from the year 1783 until the month of October, 1790, the time the United States commenced offensive operations against the said Indians, that on the Ohio and

the frontiers of the south side thereof, they killed, wounded and took prisoners about one thousand five hundred men, women and children, besides carrying off upwards of two thousand horses, and other property to the amount of fifty thousand dollars.

The particulars of many of the instances of barbarity exercised upon the prisoners, of different ages and sexes, although supported by indisputable evidence, are of too shocking a nature to be presented to the public. It is sufficient here to observe that the scalping-knife and tomahawk were the mildest instruments of death; that in some cases torture by fire, and other execrable means were used.

But the outrages which were committed upon the frontier inhabitants were not the only injuries that were sustained: repeated attacks upon detachments of the troops of the United States were at different times made. The following, from its peculiar enormity, deserves recital. In April, 1790, Major Dougherty (in service of the United States) was ordered to the friendly Chicasaws on public business. He performed this duty in a boat, having with him a party of fifteen men. While ascending the Tennessee river he was met by a party of forty Indians in four canoes, consisting principally of Shawanese and outcast Cherokees. They approached under a white flag, the well-known emblem of peace. They came on board the Major's boat, received his presents, continued with him nearly an hour, and then departed in the most friendly manner. But they had scarcely cleared his oars before they poured in a fire upon his crew, which was returned as soon as circumstances would permit, and a most unequal combat was sustained for several hours, when they abandoned their design, but not until they had killed and wounded eleven out of fifteen of the boat's crew.

All overtures of peace failing and the depredations still continuing, an attempt at coertion became indispensable; accordingly,

on the 30th September the President, by and with the consent and advice of the Congress of the United States, despatched General Harmer, with 320 Federal troops and 133 militia under his command, to attack and destroy their principal villages.

The troops, after seventeen days' march from Miami, reached the great Miami village, without any other molestation than that of having a number of their pack-horses stolen. On their arrival they found the village deserted and all the valuable buildings in flames, set on fire by the Indians. After a short tarry they proceeded to the neighbouring villages without molestation, and destroyed five of them, and a large quantity of corn, computed at fifteen thousand bushels, which they found buried at different places; and very large quantities of vegetables of every kind.

The first opposition that was met with, a party of about 150 Kentucky militia and 30 regular troops, all under the command of Colonel Harding of Kentucky, were detached from the main body lying in the great Miami village, to pursue the trail of a party of Indians which had the day before been discovered. After a pursuit of about six miles they came up with, and were attacked on surprize by a body of Indians who were concealed in the thickets on every side of a large plain; and on the first onset the militia, without exchanging a single shot, made a most precipitate retreat, and left the regular troops to stand the whole charge of the Indians. The conflict was short and bloody; the troops were soon overpowered by numbers and all fell except two officers and two or three privates, after defending themselves at their bayonet points with the greatest possible obstinacy. Ensign Hartshorn was one of the officers who providentially escaped, and his escape appeared to depend more on a lucky circumstance of faltering over a log in his retreat, and by that means screening himself from the eye of his pursuers, than from any other circumstance. Captain Armstrong, who commanded the party, likewise made his escape by plunging

himself into a pond or swamp up to his neck, within two hundred yards of the field of action; where he remained the whole night a spectator to the horrid scene of the war dance performed over the dead and wounded bodies of the poor soldiers that had fallen the preceding day; where their shrieks, mixed with the horrid yells of the savages, rendered his situation shocking.

After this, some few skirmishes succeeded but nothing material, until the second capital action, which happened two days after the army left the Miami village. At ten miles distance from the town the General ordered a halt, and detached from four to five hundred militia and about sixty regular soldiers, under the command of Major Wyllys and Colonel Harding, who were ordered to march back to the town. On their first entrance there appeared a small body of Indians, who immediately fled at the first onset, and by that means decoyed the whole body of the militia by making their flight in different directions, and encouraging the militia to pursue. By this stratagem the few regular troops were left alone, and the Indians had effected their design: for the moment they found the small handful of regular troops detached from the main body of the militia, they commenced the attack with their whole force, excepting the flying parties that had divided the militia: and although they soon found some part of the militia returning on their backs, pursued their object of routing and destroying the troops, as the only sure plan of success: which after a most bloody conflict on both sides, they effected.

Nothing could exceed the intrepidity of the savages on this occasion, the militia they appeared to despise, and with all the undauntedness conceivable threw down their guns and rushed upon the bayonets of the regular soldiers. A number of them fell, but being so far superior in numbers the regulars were soon overpowered for while the poor soldier had his bayonet in one Indian, two more would sink their tomahawks in his head. The defeat of the troops

was complete, the dead and wounded were left on the field of action, in possession of the savages.

The following is a copy of the official return of the killed and wounded in the expedition:

Killed of the Federal Troops: 1 Major, 1 Lieutenant, 73 rank and file—total 75. Wounded 3 rank and file.

Killed of the Militia: 1 Major, 3 Captains, 2 Lieutenants, 4 Ensigns, 98 rank and file—total 108. Wounded 2 Lieutenants, 1 Ensign, 25 rank and file—total 28.

The regular troops all to nine,* including two commissioned officers, were killed. Among the slain was Major Wyllys, and a number of brave and valuable soldiers. The Indians it appeared from some cause, did not think it prudent to pursue their successes from the field of action, as most of the troops that were not killed or badly wounded made their escape, which they could not have effected had the enemy pursued with their usual fury.

EXPEDITIONS OF GENERALS SCOTT AND WILKINSON IN MAY AND AUGUST, 1791

Gen. Scott to the Secretary of War.

Sir: In prosecution of the enterprise I marched (with 850 troops under my command) four miles from the banks of the Ohio on the 23d of May, and on the 24th I resumed my march and pushed forward with the utmost industry, directing my route to Ouiattannan, in the best manner my guides and information enabled me, though I found myself greatly deficient in both.

By the 31st I marched one hundred and thirty-five miles, over a country cut by four large branches of White River, and many smaller streams with steep, muddy banks. During this march I

* Excepting nine.

traversed a country alternately interspersed with the most luxurious soil, and deep clayey bogs from one to five miles wide, rendered almost impervious by brush and briars. Rain fell in torrents every day, with frequent blasts of wind and thunder-storms. These obstacles impeded my progress, wore down my horses and destroyed my provisions.

On the morning of the 1st instant, as the army entered an extensive prairie, I perceived an Indian on horseback a few miles to the right. I immediately made a detachment to intercept him, but he escaped. Finding myself discovered I determined to advance with all the rapidity my circumstances would permit, rather with the hope than the expectation of reaching the object sought for that day; for my guides were strangers to the country which I occupied. At 1 o'clock, having marched by computation one hundred and fifty-five miles from the Ohio, as I penetrated a grove which bordered on an extensive prairie, I discovered two small villages to my left, at two and four miles' distance.

My guides now recognized the ground and informed me that the main town was four or five miles in front, beyond a point of wood which jutted into the prairie. I immediately despatched Col. John Hardin, with 60 mounted infantry and a troop of light-horse under Captain McCoy, to attack the villages to the left, and moved on briskly with my main body in order of battle toward the town, the smoke of which was discernable. My guides were deceived with respect to the situation of the town; for instead of standing at the edge of the plain through which I marched, I found in the low ground bordering on the Wabash, on turning the point of woods, one house presented in my front. Captain Price was ordered to assault that with forty men. He executed the command with great gallantry and killed two warriors.

When I gained the summit of the eminence which overlooks the villages on the banks of the Wabash, I discovered the enemy in

great confusion, endeavouring to make their escape over the river in canoes. I instantly ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant Wilkinson to rush forward with the first battalion; the order was executed with promptitude, and this detachment gained the bank of the river just as the rear of the enemy had embarked; and regardless of a brisk fire kept up from a Kickapoo town on the opposite bank, they in a few minutes by a well-directed fire from their rifles destroyed all the savages with which five canoes were crowded.

The enemy still kept possession of the Kickapoo town. I determined to dislodge them, and for the purpose ordered Captains King and Logsdon's companies to march down the river below the town and cross under the direction of Major Barbee. Several of the men swam the river and others passed in a small canoe. This movement was unobserved, and my men had taken post on the bank before they were discovered by the enemy, who immediately abandoned the village. About this time word was brought me that Colonel Hardin was incumbered with prisoners, and had discovered a stronger village further to my left than those I had observed, which he was proceeding to attack. I immediately detached Captain Brown with his company to support the Colonel; but the distance being six miles, before the Captain arrived the business was done, and Colonel Hardin joined me a little before sunset, having killed six warriors and taken fifty-two prisoners. Captain Bull, the warrior who discovered me in the morning, had gained the main town and given the alarm a short time before me; but the villages to my left were uninformed of my approach and had no retreat. The next morning I determined to detach my Lieut. Colonel Commandant with five hundred men, to destroy the important town of Kethlipecanunk, at the mouth of the Eel river, eighteen miles from my camp and on the west side of the Wabash: but on examination discovered my men and horses to be crippled and worn down by a long laborious march and the active exertions of the previous day; that three hundred and sixty men only could

be found in capacity to undertake the enterprise and they prepared to march on foot.

Colonel Wilkinson marched with this detachment at half after five in the evening, and returned to my camp the next day at 1 o'clock, having marched thirty-six miles in twelve hours, and destroyed the most important settlements of the enemy in that quarter of the federal territory.

The following is Colonel Wilkinson's report respecting the enterprise:

Sir: The detachment under my command, destined to attack the village Kethlipecanunk, was put in motion at half after five o'clock last evening. Knowing that an enemy whose chief dependence is in his dexterity as a marksman, and alertness in covering himself behind trees, stumps and other impediments to fair sight would not hazard an attack in the night, I determined to push my march until I approached the vicinity of the villages, where I knew the country to be champaign. I gained my point without a halt, twenty minutes before 11 o'clock; lay upon my arms until 4 o'clock, and half an hour after assaulted the town at all quarters. The enemy was vigilant, gave way on my approach, and in canoes crossed Eel creek, which washed the northeast part of the town. The creek was not fordable. My corps dashed forward with the impetuosity becoming volunteers, and were saluted by the enemy with a brisk fire from the opposite side of the creek. Dauntless they rushed on to the water's edge, and finding the river impassable returned a volley which so galled and disconcerted their antagonists that they threw away their fire without effect. In five minutes the Indians were driven from their covering and fled with precipitation. I have three men slightly wounded. At half past five the town was in flames, and at six o'clock I commenced my retreat.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

JAMES WILKINSON

Brigadier-General Scott

Many of the inhabitants of Kethlipecanunk were French, and lived in a state of civilization; misunderstanding the object of a white flag, which appeared on an eminence opposite to me in the afternoon of the first, I liberated an aged squaw and sent her with a message to the savages, that if they would come in and surrender, their towns should be spared and they should receive good treatment

It was afterwards found that this white flag was not intended as a signal of parley, but was placed there to mark the spot where a person of distinction among the Indians, who had died some time before, was interred. On the 4th I determined to discharge 16 of the weakest and most infirm of my prisoners with a talk to the Wabash tribes, a copy of which follows. My motives to this measure were to rid the army of a heavy incumbrance, to gratify the impulses of humanity, to increase the panick my operations had produced, and by distracting the council of the enemy to favour the views of government.

On the same day, after having burned the towns and villages and destroyed the growing corn and pulse, I began my march for the rapids of Ohio, where I arrived the 14th without the loss of a single man by the enemy, and five only wounded, having killed thirty-two, chiefly warriors of size and figure, and taken fifty-eight prisoners.

To the various tribes of the Piankashaws, and all the nations of the Red People, living on the shores of the Wabash River.

The Sovereign Council of the Thirteen United States have long patiently borne your depredations against their settlements on this side of the great mountains, in hope that you would see your error and correct it, by entering into bonds of amity and lasting peace. Moved by compassion and pitying your misguided councils, they have not infrequently addressed you on this subject, but without effect; at length their patience is exhausted, and they

have stretched forth the arm of power against you. Their mighty sons and chief warriors have at length taken up the hatchet, they have penetrated far into your country to meet your warriors and to punish them for your transgressions. But you fled before them and decline the battle, leaving your wives and children to their mercy. They have destroyed your old town, Ouiattanu and the neighbouring villages, and have taken many prisoners. Resting here two days to give you time to collect your strength, they have proceeded to your town of Kethlipecanunk, but you again fled before them, and that great town has been destroyed.

After giving you this evidence of their power they have stopped their hands, because they are as merciful as strong, and they again indulge the hope that you will come to a sense of your true interest and determine to make a lasting peace with them and all their children forever. The United States have no desire to destroy the red people, although they have the power to do it; but should you decline this invitation and pursue your unprovoked hostilities, their strength will again be exerted against you, your warriors will be slaughtered, your wives and children carried into captivity, and you may be assured that those who escape the fury of our mighty chiefs shall find no resting-place on this side of the Great Lakes. The warriors of the United States wish not to distress or destroy women and children or old men, and although policy obliges them to retain some in captivity, yet compassion and humanity have induced them to set others at liberty, who will deliver you this talk. Those who are carried off will be left in the care of our great chief and warrior General St. Clair, near the mouth of the Miami and opposite to the Licking River, where they will be treated with humanity and tenderness; if you wish to recover them repair to that place by the first day of July next; determine with true hearts to bury the hatchet and smoke the pipe of peace. They will then be restored to you, and you may again set down in security at your old towns and live in peace and happiness, unmolested by

the people of the United States, who will become your friends, and protectors, and will be ready to furnish you with all the necessaries you may require. But should you foolishly persist in your warfare, the sons of war will be let loose against you, and the hatchet will never be buried until your country is desolated and your people humbled to the dust.

(Signed) CHARLES SCOTT, Brig. Gen.

GENERAL WILKINSON'S EXPEDITION

Gen. Wilkinson to Gov. St. Clair

Sir:

Having carried into complete effect the enterprise which you were pleased to direct against L'Anguille, and having done the savages every other damage on the Wabash to which I conceived my force adequate, I embrace the first moment's recess from active duty to detail to your Excellency the operations of the expedition intrusted to my conduct.

I left the neighbourhood of Fort Washington* on the first inst., at one o'clock, and agreeably to my original plan, feinted boldly at the Miami villages by the most direct course the nature of the ground over which I had to march would permit: I persevered in this plan until the morning of the 4th inst., and thereby avoided the hunting ground of the enemy and the paths which led direct from White River to the Wabash, leaving the head-waters of the first on my left; I then being about seventy miles advanced of Fort Washington, turned North West. I made no discovery until the 5th, about 9 o'clock A. M., when I crossed three much-frequented paths within two miles of each other, and all bearing east of north. My guides were urgent for me to follow these paths, which betrayed their ignorance of the country, and convinced me

*Now Cincinnati.

I had to depend on my own judgment only. In the afternoon of that day I was obliged to cross a deep bog, which injured several of my horses exceedingly, and a few miles beyond I struck a path bearing north by west, marked by recent footsteps of five or six savages. My guides renewed their application to me to follow this path, but I pursued my own course. I had not got clear of my encampment, next morning, before my advance reported an impasable bog in my front, extending several miles on either hand, and the guides asserted that the whole country to the Wabash was cut by such bogs, and that it would be impossible for me to proceed unless I followed the Indian paths, which avoided these bogs or led through them at places where they were least difficult. Although I paid little regard to this information as delay was dangerous, and everything depended on the preservation of my horses, I determined to return to the right, and fell into the path I had passed the evening before, which varied in its course from North by West to North East. The country had now become pondy, in every direction; I therefore resolved to pursue this path until noon, in the hope that it would conduct me to better ground, or to some devious trace which might lead to the object sought.

At 7 o'clock I crossed an east branch of Calumet river, about 40 yards wide, and about noon my advance guard fired on a small party of warriors and took a prisoner; the rest run off to the eastward. I halted about a mile beyond the spot where this affair happened, and on examining the prisoner found him to be a Delaware, living near the site of the late Miami village, which he informed me was about 30 miles distant. I immediately retrograded four miles and filed off by the right over some rising ground, which I had observed between the east branch of the Calumet river and a creek four or five miles in advance of it, taking my course North 60 degrees West. This measure fortunately extricated me from the bogs and ponds, and soon placed me on firm ground. Late in the afternoon I crossed one path running from North to South, and

shortly after fell in with another varying from North West to North. I pursued this about two miles, when I encamped; but finding it still inclining northward, I determined to abandon it in the morning. I resumed my march on the 6th at 4 o'clock, the Calumet being to the westward of me I was fearful I should strike the Wabash too high up, and perhaps fall in with the small town, which you mentioned to me at the mouth of the former river. I therefore steered a due west course and at 6 o'clock A. M., crossed a road much used both by horse and foot, bearing due north. I now knew I was near a Shawanese village, generally supposed to be on the waters of White river, but actually on the waters of the Calumet, and was sensible that everything depended on the celerity and silence of my movements, as my real object had become manifest. I therefore pushed my march vigorously, leaving an officer and 20 men in ambush to watch the road, in order to intercept or bear off any party of the enemy which might casually be passing that way, and thereby prevent as long as possible the discovery of my real intentions.

At 8 o'clock I crossed Calumet river, now 80 yards wide and running down North North West. I was now sensible from my reckoning compared with my own observation during the late expedition under General Scott, and the information received from your Excellency and others, that I could not be very far from L'Anguille. The party left at the road soon fell in with four warriors encamped half a mile from the right of my line of march, killed one and drove off the others to the northward. My situation had now become extremely critical, the whole country to the north being in alarm, which made me greatly anxious to continue my march during the night; but I had no path to direct me, and it was impossible for me to keep my course, or for horsemen to march through a thick swampy country in utter darkness. I quitted my camp on the 7th, as soon as I could see my way, crossed one path at three miles' distance, bearing North East, and at seven

miles fell into another very much used, bearing North West by North; which I at once adopted as the direct route of my object, and pushed forward with the utmost despatch. I halted at 12 o'clock to refresh the horses and examine the men's arms and ammunition; marched again at half after one, and at 15 minutes before five I struck the Wabash, at one and a half leagues above the mouth of Eel river, being the very spot for which I had aimed from the commencement of my march. I crossed the river and following the path at North by East course, at the distance of two and a half miles, my reconnoitering party announced Eel river in front, and the town on the opposite bank. I dismounted, ran forward and examined the situation of the town as far as was practicable without exposing myself, but the whole face of the country from the Wabash to the margin of Eel river being a continued thicket of brambles, black jacks, weeds and shrubs of various kinds, it was impossible for me to get a satisfactory view without endangering a discovery. I immediately determined to post two companies near the bank of the river, opposite to the town, and above the ground I then occupied to make a *detour* with Major Caldwell and the second battalion, until I fell into the Miami trace, and by that route to cross the river above and gain the rear of the town, and to leave directions with Major McDowell, who commanded the first battalion, to lie *perdue* until I commenced the attack, then to dash through the river with his corps and the advanced guard, and assault the houses in front and upon the left.

In the moment I was about to put this arrangement into execution word was brought me that the enemy had taken the alarm, and were flying. Instantly I ordered a general charge, which was obeyed with alacrity, the men forcing their way over every obstacle, plunged through the river with vast intrepidity. The enemy was unable to make the smallest resistance. Six warriors and (in the hurry and confusion of the charge) two squaws and a child were killed—thirty-four prisoners were taken, and an unfortunate

captive released, with the loss of two men killed and one wounded. I found this town scattered along Eel river for full three miles, on an uneven shrubby oak barren, intersected alternately by bogs, almost impassable and impervious thickets of plumb and hazel.' Notwithstanding these difficulties, if I may credit the report of the prisoners, very few who were in (the) town escaped; expecting a second expedition, their goods were generally packed up or buried. Sixty warriors had crossed the Wabash to watch the paths leading from the Ohio: the head chief with all the prisoners and a number of families were out, digging a root (on) which they subsist in the place of the potatoe, and about one hour before my arrival all the warriors except eight had mounted their horses and rode up the river to a French store to purchase ammunition. This ammunition had arrived from the Miami village that very day. and the squaws informed me was stored about two miles from town. I detached Major Caldwell in quest of it, but he failed to make any discovery, although he scoured the country for seven or eight miles up the river. I encamped in the town that night, and the next morning I cut up the corn scarcely in the milk, burnt the cabins, mounted my young warriors, squaws and children in the best manner in my power, and leaving two infirm squaws and a child with a short talk (which will be found annexed) I commenced my march for the Kickapoo town in the prairie. I felt my prisoners to be a vast incumbrance, but I was not in force to justify a detachment, having barely 523 rank and file, and being then in the bosom of the Ouiattanou country, one hundred and eighty miles removed from succour, and not more than one and a half days' forced march from the Pattawamees, Shawanese and Delawares.

Not being able to discover any path in the direct course to the Kickapoo town, I marched by the road leading to Tippecanoe in the hope of finding some diverging trace which might favor my design. I encamped that evening about six miles from Kenapacomeque, the Indian name for the town I had destroyed, and

marched next morning at four o'clock. My course continued west till about nine o'clock, when I turned to the northwest on a small hunting path, and at a short distance I launched into the boundless prairies of the west, with the intention to pursue that course until I should strike a road which leads from the Pattawamees of Lake Michigan immediately to the town I sought. With this view I pushed forward, through bog after bog, to the saddle skirts in mud and water, and after persevering for eight hours I found myself environed on all sides with morasses which forbade my advancing, and at the same time rendered it difficult for me to extricate my little army. The way by which we had entered was so much beat and softened by the horses that it was almost impossible to return by that route, and my guides pronounced the morass in front as impassable. A chain of thin groves extending in the direction to the Wabash, at this time presented to my left. It was necessary I should gain these groves, and for this purpose I dismounted, went forward, and leading my horse through a bog to the armpits in mud and water, with difficulty and fatigue I accomplished my object, and changed my course to South by West. I regained theTippecanoe road at 5 o'clock and encamped on it at 7 o'clock, after a march of thirty miles, which broke down several of my horses.

I am the more minute in detailing the occurrences of this day because they produced the most unfavorable effect. I was in motion at four the next morning, and at eight o'clock my advanced guard made some discoveries which induced me to believe we were near an Indian village. I immediately pushed the body forward in a trot, and followed with Major Caldwell and the 2nd battalion, leaving Major McDowell to take charge of the prisoners. I reached Tippecanoe at 12 o'clock, which had been occupied by the enemy, who watched my motions and abandoned the place that morning. After the destruction of this town in June last, the enemy had returned and cultivated their corn and pulse, which I found in high perfection and in much greater quantity than at

L'Aiguille. To refresh my horses and give time to cut down the corn, I determined to halt until the next morning and then resume my march to the Kickapoo town in the prairie, by the road which leads from Ouiattanon to that place. In the course of the day I had discovered some murmurings and discontent among the men, which I found on enquiry to proceed from their reluctance to advance into the enemy's country; this induced me to call for a state of the horses and provisions, when to my great mortification 270 horses were returned (as) lame and tired, with barely five days' provision for the men.

Under these circumstances I was compelled to abandon my designs upon the Kickapoos of the prairie, and with a degree of anguish not to be comprehended but by those who have experienced similar disappointments, I marched forward to a town of the same nation situate about three leagues west of Ouittanon. As I advanced to the town the enemy made some show of fighting me, but vanished at my approach. I destroyed this town, consisting of thirty houses, with a considerable quantity of corn in the milk, and the same day I moved on to Ouiattanon, where I forded the Wabash, and proceeded to the site of the villages on the margin of the prairie, where I encamped at seven o'clock. At this town and the village destroyed by General Scott in June, we found the corn had been replanted, and was now in high cultivation, several fields being well-ploughed, all of which we destroyed. On the 12th I resumed my march, and falling into General Scott's return trace I arrived without material accident at the rapids of the Ohio, on the 21st inst., after a march, by accurate computation, of 451 miles from Fort Washington.

The services which I have been able to render fall short of my wishes, my intention and expectation. But Sir, when you reflect on the causes which checked my career and blasted my designs, I flatter myself you will believe everything has been done which

could be done in my circumstances. I have destroyed the chief town of the Ouiattanon nation, and made prisoners the sons and sisters of the king; I have burnt a respectable Kickapoo village and cut down at least 430 acres of corn, chiefly in the milk. The Ouiattanons, left without horses, home or provision, must cease to war, and will find active employ to subsist their squaws and children during the impending winter.

Should these services secure to the country which I immediately represented, and the corps which I had the honour to command, the favorable consideration of government, I shall infer the approbation of my own conduct, which, added to a consciousness of having done my duty, will constitute the richest reward I can enjoy.

With the most perfect respect, I have the honour to be your excellency's obedient and most humble servant

JAMES WILKINSON

Governor St. Clair

A Talk from Colonel WILKINSON to the Indian Natives living on the River Wabash

The arms of the United States are again exerted against you, and again your towns are in flames and your wives and children made captives—again you are cautioned to listen to the voice of reason, to sue for peace and submit to the protection of the United States, who are willing to become your friends and fathers; but at the same time are determined to punish you for every injury you may offer to their children. Regard not the counsellors who, to secure to themselves the benefits of your trade, advise you to measures which involve you, your women and children in trouble and distress. The United States wish to give you peace, because it is good in the eyes of the Great Spirit that all his children should unite and live like brothers; but if you foolishly prefer war, their

warriors are ready to meet you in battle, and will not be the first to lay down the hatchet. You may find your squaws and your children under the protection of our great chief and warrior General St. Clair, at Fort Washington; to him you will make all applications for an exchange of prisoners or for peace.

JAMES WILKINSON

DEFEAT OF GENERAL ST. CLAIR BY THE INDIANS, 1791

Gen. St. Clair to the Secretary of War

Fort Washington, Nov. 9, 1791.

Yesterday afternoon the remains of the army under my command got back to this place, and I have now the painful task to give an account of a warm, and as unfortunate an action as almost any that has been fought, in which every corps was engaged and worsted, except the First regiment, that had been detached upon a service I had the honor to inform you of in my last despatch, and had not joined me.

On the 3d instant the army had reached a creek about twelve yards wide running to the southward of west, which I believe to have been the river St. Mary, that empties into the Miami of the lake, arrived at the village about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, having marched near 9 miles, and were immediately encamped upon a very commanding piece of ground in two lines, having the abovementioned creek in front; the right wing, composed of Butler's, Clarke's and Patterson's battalions, commanded by Major General Butler, formed the first line, and the left wing consisting of Bedinger's and Gaither's battalions, and the second regiment commanded by Colonel Darke, formed the second line with an interval between them of about seventy yards, which was all the ground would allow.

The right flank was pretty well secured by the creek, a steep bank and Faulkner's corps; some of the cavalry and their picquets covered the left flank. The militia were thrown over the creek and advanced about one-quarter of a mile, and encamped in the same order. There were a few Indians who appeared on the opposite side of the creek, but fled with the utmost precipitation on the advance of the militia. At this place, which I judged to be about 15 miles from the Miami village, I had determined to throw up a slight work, the plan of which was concerted that evening with Maj. Ferguson, wherein to have deposited the men's knapsacks and everything else that was not of absolute necessity; and to have moved on to attack the enemy as soon as the first regiment was come up; but they did not permit me to execute either, for on the 4th, about half an hour before sunrise, and when the men had just been dismissed from the parade (for it was a constant practice for to have them all under arms a considerable time before light) an attack was made upon the militia; those gave way in a very little time and rushed into camp, through Major Butler's battalion, which, together with part of Clark's, they threw into considerable disorder, and which, notwithstanding the exertions of both these officers, was never altogether remedied. The Indians followed close at their heels; the fire however of the first line checked them, but almost instantaneously a very heavy attack began upon that line, and in a few minutes it was extended to the second likewise. The great weight of it was directed against the centre of each, where the artillery was placed, and from which the men were repeatedly driven with great slaughter. Finding no effect from the fire, and confusion beginning to spread from the great number of men who were fallen in all quarters, it became necessary to try what could be done by the bayonet.

Lieut. Col. Darke was accordingly ordered to make a charge with part of the second line, and to turn the left flank of the enemy. This was executed with great spirit. The Indians instantly gave

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way, and were driven back three or four hundred yards: but for want of a sufficient number of riflemen to pursue this advantage they soon returned, and the troops were obliged to give back in their turn. At this moment they had entered our camp by the left flank, having pursued back the troops that were posted there.

Another charge was made here by the second regiment, Butler's and Clark's battalions, with equal effect, and it was repeated several times and always with success. But in all of them many men were lost, and particularly the officers, which, with some raw troops, was a loss altogether irremediable. In that I just spoke of made by the second regiment and Butler's battalion, Maj. Butler was dangerously wounded and every officer of the second regiment fell, except three, one of which, Captain Greaton, was shot through the body.

Our artillery being now silenced and all the officers killed except Captain Ford, who was badly wounded, more than half of the army fallen, being cut off from the road, it became necessary to attempt the regaining of it, and to make a retreat if possible. To this purpose the remains of the army was formed as well as circumstances would admit, towards the right of the encampment; from which, by the way of the second line, another charge was made upon the enemy as if with the design to turn their right flank, but in fact to gain the road. This was effected, and as soon as it was open the militia took along it, followed by the troops—Major Clark with his battalion covering the rear.

The retreat in these circumstances was, you may be sure, a precipitate one: it was in fact a flight. The camp and artillery were abandoned, but that was unavoidable, for not a horse was left alive to have drawn it off had it otherwise been practicable. But the most disgraceful part of the business is that the greatest part of the men threw away their arms and accoutrements, even after the pursuit (which continued about four miles) had ceased.

I found the road strewed with them for many miles, but was not able to remedy it, for having had all my horses killed, and being mounted upon one that could not be pricked out of a walk, I could not get forward myself, and the orders I sent forward, either to halt the front or prevent the men from parting with their arms, were unattended to.

The rout continued quite to Fort Jefferson, twenty-nine miles, which was reached a little after sunsetting. The action ended about half an hour after nine o'clock.

I have not yet been able to get returns of the killed and wounded, but Major General Butler, Lieut. Col. Oldham, of the militia, Major Ferguson, Major Hart, and Major Clark are among the former.

I have now, Sir, finished my melancholy tale—a tale that will be felt, sensibly felt by every one that has sympathy for private distress or for public misfortune. I have nothing, Sir, to say (lay) to the charge of the troops but their want of dicipline; which from the short time they had been in service, it was impossible they should have acquired, and which rendered it very difficult, when they were thrown into confusion, to reduce them again to order, and is one reason why the loss has fallen so heavy upon the officers, who did every thing in their power to effect it. Neither were my own exertions wanting; but worn down with illness, and suffering under a painful disease, unable either to mount or dismount a horse without assistance, they were not so great as they otherwise would or perhaps ought to have been.

We were overpowered by numbers; but it is no more than justice to observe that though composed of so many different species of troops, the utmost harmony prevailed through the whole army during the campaign.

At Fort Jefferson I found the First regiment, which had re-

turned from the service they had been sent upon, without either overtaking the deserters or meeting the convoy of provisions. I am not certain, Sir, whether I ought to consider the absence of this regiment from the field of action as fortunate or otherwise. I incline to think it was fortunate; for I very much doubt whether, had it been in the action, the fortune of the day had been turned; and if it had not the triumph of the enemy would have been more complete and the country would have been destitute of means of defence.

Taking a view of the situation of our broken troops at Fort Jefferson, and that there were no provisions in the fort, I called on the field-officers for their advice what would be proper further to be done; and it was their unanimous opinion that the addition of the first regiment, unbroken as it was, did not put the army on so respectable a footing as it was in the morning, because a great part of it was now unarmed: that it had been found unequal to the enemy, and should they come on, which was probable, would be found so again: that the troops could not be thrown into the fort both because it was too small and there was no provision in it.

That provisions were known to be upon the road at the distance of one or at most two marches; that therefore it would be proper to move without loss of time, to meet the provisions, when the men might have the sooner an opportunity of some refreshment and that a proper detachment might be sent back with it, to have it safely deposited in the Fort.

This advice was accepted, and the army was put in motion again at ten o'clock, and marched all night, and the succeeding day met with a quantity of flour. Part of it was distributed immediately, part taken back to supply the army on the march to Fort Hamilton, and the remainder, about fifty horse loads, sent forward to Fort Jefferson.

I have said, Sir, in the former part of my communication, that we were overpowered by numbers; of that however, I have no other evidence but the weight of the fire, which was always a most deadly one and generally delivered from the ground; few of the enemy showing themselves on foot, except when they were charged, and that in a few minutes our whole camp, which extended above 350 yards in length, was entirely surrounded and attacked on all quarters.

The loss, Sir, the public has sustained by the fall of so many officers, particularly General Butler, cannot be too much regretted; but it is a circumstance that will alleviate the misfortune in some measure, that all of them fell most gallantly doing their duty.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

ARTHUR ST. CLAIR

Hon. Secretary of War

The defeat of General St. Clair took place within seventy miles of Fort Jefferson. The loss on this occasion was about six hundred killed and wounded (said to be nearly equal to Braddock's defeat) with seven pieces of artillery, and all the stores. General St. Clair had about 1200 men, had reason to expect an attack, and kept his men under arms all night, drawn up in a square. The attack commenced about dawn of day, on all the lines, but principally on the rear lines, which were composed of the militia. The Indians gave one fire and rushed on, tomahawk in hand. The militia gave way to the centre, and before the artillery could be brought into action, the matrosses were all killed and it fell into the hands of the enemy.

It was re-taken, but was useless for want of men to manage the pieces. The action was continued obstinately until nine o'clock, when the troops gave way. St. Clair rallied his men and brought

them off in tolerable order, with most of the wounded, to Fort Jefferson, thirty miles in the rear of the action. The enemy pursued five miles.

The following is a copy of a return of the officers killed and wounded in the engagement:

Killed—1 Major General, 1 Lieut. Colonel, 4 Majors, 11 Captains, 10 Lieutenants, 9 Ensigns, 1 Surgeon.—Total 37.

Wounded—2 Lieut. Colonels, 1 Major, 11 Captains, 6 Lieutenants, 6 Ensigns, 1 Surgeon.—Total 27.

Besides the above there were about 550 privates killed and many more wounded; few officers of distinction escaped except General St. Clair, who had many narrow escapes; eight balls passed through his clothes. The attack was conducted with astonishing intrepidity on the part of the Indians: in a few moments the General's tent was surrounded: however he was rescued by a party of regular soldiers, who repelled the enemy with fixed bayonets. There was a party of the Chickasaw nation on their way to join General St. Clair, but did not arrive in season. There was but one fellow only of that nation in the action, who killed and scalped eleven of the enemy with his own hands, and engaging with the twelfth he fell, greatly lamented by the Americans.

Major General Butler was wounded and carried to a convenient place to have his wounds dressed, but an Indian having discovered the place to which he was conveyed, broke through the troops who attended him, and tomahawked and scalped the former before he was killed by the troops.

Agreeable to the statement of the Indians they killed 650 of the American troops, and took seven pieces of cannon, 200 oxen and a great number of horses, but no prisoners; and that their loss was only fifty-six warriors killed. They stated that they were 4000 strong, and were commanded by one of the Missasago In-

dians who had been in the British service in the late war; that he planned and conducted the attack, which was even contrary to the opinion of a majority of the chiefs—that after the Americans began their retreat he told the Indians they had killed enough, and that it was proper to give over the pursuit and return and enjoy the booty they had taken. He was six feet in height, about 45 years of age, of a very sour and morose countenance, and apparently very crafty and subtle. His dress was Indian hose and moccasons, a blue petticoat that came half way down his thighs, and European waistcoat and surtout. His head was bound with an Indian cap and hung half way down his back, and almost entirely filled with plain silver broaches, to the number of more than two hundred; he had two earrings to each ear: the upper part of each was formed of three silver medals about the size of a dollar: the lower part was formed of quarters of dollars and fell more than 12 inches from his ears; one from each ear over his breast, the other over his back. He had three very large nose-jewels of silver, that were curiously painted.

The party of friendly Chickasaws who were on their way to join the American troops, arrived at Fort Jefferson two days after the bloody action. They were commanded by Piomingo, or the *Mountain Leader*. On their way they discovered that the troops had been defeated, but saw but one of the enemy, who mistaking Piomingo's party for some of his own comrades, made up to them: he perceived his mistake, but too late to retreat; he was accosted by Piomingo with "Rascal, you have been killing white men." He endeavoured to exculpate himself; but Piomingo ordered two of his warriors to expand his arms, and a third, an old man, (for says Piomingo, "none of my young men shall disgrace themselves so much as to kill a wretch like thee") to shoot him through the heart, which was accordingly executed; they afterwards took off his scalp.

During St. Clair's bloody engagement Adjutant Burges received two wounds, the second of which proved mortal: after the receipt of the first he continued to fight with distinguished gallantry; the second unfortunately stopped his progress. Faint with the loss of blood he fell; a woman who attended him and was particularly attached to him, raised him up, and while supporting him in her arms received a ball in her breast, which put an immediate end to her existence.

Soon after this Ensign Wilson (a much lamented youth) fell; one of the savages attempted to take off his scalplock which Col. Darke perceiving he hastened to the spot and with his sword stabbed the miscreant through the body.

A few weeks after the defeat of the troops under Gen. St. Clair, Gen. Scott despatched from the men under his command two spies to reconnoitre the enemy, who when they arrived at the distance of a few miles from the fatal spot where the bloody action was fought, they discovered a large party of Indians diverting and enjoying themselves with the plunder they had taken, riding the bullocks, &c., and appeared to be mostly drunk. The men returned and communicated the important information to General Scott, who immediately thereupon divided his troops into three divisions, advanced and fell on the enemy by surprise; the contest was short but victorious on the part of the American troops. Two hundred of the enemy were killed on the spot, all the cannon and stores in their possession retaken, and the remainder of the savage body put to flight. General Scott, losing but six men, returned to head-quarters in triumph, with most of the cattle, stores, &c. General Scott gave the following affecting account of the appearance of the field on which the bloody action between the American troops under St. Clair, and the savages, was fought: "The place had a very melancholy appearance—nearly in the space of 350

yards lay 500 skull bones, 300 of which were buried by my men while on the ground. From thence for five miles on, and from the roads through the woods, was strewed with skeletons, muskets, &c."

The receipt of the news of St. Clair's defeat caused great consternation: and even so far away as Boston newspaper broadsides or "Extras" in modern phrase, were published; one of which was headed thus:

THE COLUMBIAN TRAGEDY, containing a particular and official account of the brave and unfortunate officers and soldiers who were slain and wounded in the ever memorable Bloody Indian Battle, perhaps the most shocking that has happened in America since its first discovery; which continued six hours with the most unremitted Fury and unparalleled Bravery on both sides, having lasted from daybreak, until nearly ten o'clock on Friday morning, Nov. 4, 1791; between two thousand Americans, belonging to the United Army, and near five thousand wild Indian Savages, at Miami Village, near Fort-Washington, in the Ohio-Country, in which terrible and desperate Battle, a most shocking slaughter was made of thirty-nine gallant American Officers and upwards of nine hundred brave youthful soldiers who fell gloriously fighting for their Country; (with wood cut of 39 coffins). [Ed.]

DEPREDATIONS OF THE INDIANS ON THE FRONTIERS IN 1791, 1792, AND 1793

ON THE 10th December 1791, as two men and three boys were fishing on Floyd's fork of Salt River, they were suddenly attacked by a party of Indians, who killed the two men and made prisoners of the boys. Soon after they liberated one of the lads, first presenting him with a tomahawk, which they desired him to carry to his friends and inform them what had become of his companions. About the 20th a party of Indians attacked the house of a Mr. Chenoweth, situated near the mouth of the Wabash. They killed and scalped two of his children and tomahawked and scalped his wife, whom they left for dead. Mr. Chenoweth (who had his arm broken by the fire of the savages) with the remainder of the family made their escape. A sick daughter who was confined to her chamber, and who during the bloody affray had been forgotten by her father, remained ignorant of the horrid massacre until the next succeeding day, when, no one of the family coming to her assistance, she succeeded in crawling

down stairs, where she was inexpressibly shocked at the sight of a beloved parent stretched upon the floor almost lifeless, and beside whom lay the mangled bodies of her brothers. Fortunately her unhappy father returned the succeeding day to the house, and conveyed the two surviving members of his family to the house of a friend, where they finally recovered. On the 24th a party of Indians attacked the dwelling-house of a Mr. John Merril, in Nelson county, Kentucky. Mr. Merril, who was first alarmed by the barking of his dog, hastened to the door to discover the cause; on opening of which he received the fire of the Indians, which broke his right leg and arm. The Indians now attempted to enter the house, but were prevented by the doors being immediately closed and secured by Mrs. Merril and her daughter. The Indians succeeded in hewing away a part of the door, through which passage one of them attempted to enter; but the heroic mother, in the midst of her screaming children and groaning husband, seized an axe and gave the ruffian a fatal blow; after which she hauled him through the passage into the house. The others, unconscious of the fate of their companion, supposing that they had now nearly succeeded in their object, rushed forward, four of which Mrs. Merril, in like manner dispatched before the others discovered their mistake. The remaining Indians, after retiring for a few moments, returned and renewed their efforts to enter the house. Despairing of succeeding at the door, they got on top of the house, and attempted to descend the chimney; to prevent which Mr. Merril directed his little son to empty upon the fire the contents of a feather bed, which had the desired effect, as the smoke and heat caused thereby soon brought down rather unexpectedly two of the enemy. Mr. Merril, exerting every faculty at this critical mement, seized a billet of wood, with which he soon despatched the two half-smothered Indians, while in the meantime his heroic wife was busily engaged in defending the door against the efforts of the only remaining one, whom she so severely wounded with an axe that he was soon glad to retire.

A prisoner who escaped from the enemy soon after the transaction informed that the wounded savage above mentioned was the only one that escaped of the party which consisted of eight—that on his return, being asked by the prisoner "what news?" he answered "bad news for poor Indian, me lose a son, me lose a brother, the squaws have taken the breech-clout and fight worse than the *Long Knife*."

Copy of a Letter from a Gentleman in Marietta to his friend in Washington, dated

Marietta, March 4, 1793.

About eight weeks since two brothers by the name of Johnson, one 12, the other 9 years old, were playing on the western bank of Short Creek, about twelve miles from Wheeling, skipping stones in the water. At a distance they discovered two men who appeared to be settlers, being dressed with coats and hats. These men, to amuse and deceive the children (as they even showed*) engaged in the same sport, advancing towards the boys till by degrees they got so near that the children discovered them to be Indians; but it was then too late to make their escape. The Indians seized and carried them six miles into the woods, where they made a fire and took up their lodgings for the night; their rifles and tomahawks they rested against a tree, and then laid down, each Indian with a boy on his arm. The children, as may be supposed, kept awake—the eldest began to move, and finding his Indian sound asleep, by degrees disengaged himself and went to the fire, which had then got low, and stirred it up; the Indian not waking, he whispered to his brother, who likewise crept away, and both of them went to the fire. The oldest boy then observed to his brother "I think we can kill these Indians and get away from them"—the youngest agreed in the proposal of attempting it. The oldest then took one of the rifles and placed the muzzle, which he rested

* As the event showed.—[Ed.]

on a small stick that he found for the purpose, close to the head of one of the Indians, and committing the execution of this part of the business to his brother, ordered him to pull the trigger at the moment he saw him strike the other Indian with one of the tomahawks. The eldest gave the signal—the youngest pulled trigger, the rifle shot away the lower part of the Indian's face and left him senseless. He then told his brother to lay on, for he had done for his; after which he snatched up the gun and ran. The boy with the tomahawk gave the stroke with the wrong end, the Indian started on his seat—the boy found the mistake and turning the tomahawk in his hand gave him another blow, which brought him to the ground. He repeated his strokes until he had despatched him—and then made the best of his way after his brother. When the boys had found the path which they recollected to have travelled before, the oldest fixed his hat on a bush as a directory to find the scene of action the next day. The tomahawked Indian was found near the place where the boys had left him; the other was not there, but was tracked by his blood, and although so weakened by his wounds that he could not raise his rifle to fire at his pursuer (the whites) they suffered him to escape; but it is supposed he must have died of his wounds. These two Indians were sent out to reconnoitre the best place for an attack, which was to have been made by a body of warriors waiting in the neighborhood.

NARRATIVE OF CAPT. WILLIAM HUBBELL

From the *Western Review*

IN THE year 1791, while the Indians were yet troublesome, especially on the banks of the Ohio, Captain William Hubbell, who had previously emigrated to Kentucky from the state of Vermont, and who, after having fixed his family in the neighbourhood of Frankfort, then a frontier settlement, had been compelled to go

to the eastward on business, was a second time on his way to this country. On one of the tributary streams of the river Monongahela he procured a flat-bottomed boat, and embarked in company with Mr. Daniel Light and Mr. William Plascut and his family, consisting of a wife and eight children, destined for Limestone, Kentucky. On their progress down the river Ohio and soon after passing Pittsburgh, they saw evident traces of Indians along the banks, and there is every reason to believe that a boat which they overtook, and which through carelessness was suffered to run aground on an island, became a prey to these merciless savages. Though Captain Hubbell and his party stopped some time for it in a lower part of the river it did not arrive, and it has never to their knowledge been heard of since. Before they reached the mouth of the Great Kenhawa they had, by several successive additions, increased their number to twenty, consisting of nine men, three women and eight children. The men, besides those mentioned above, were one John Stoner, an Irishman and a Dutchman whose names are not recollected, Messrs. Ray and Tucker, and a Mr. Kilpatrick, whose two daughters also were of the party. Information received at Gallipolis confirmed the expectation, which appearances had previously raised, of a serious conflict with a large body of Indians; and as Captain Hubbell had been regularly appointed commander of the boat, every possible preparation was made for a formidable and successful resistance of the anticiapted attack. The nine men were divided into three watches for the night, which were alternately to continue awake and be on the look-out for two hours at a time. The arms on board, which consisted principally of old muskets much out of order, were collected, loaded, and put in the best possible condition for service. At about sunset on that day, the 23d of March, 1791, our party overtook a fleet of six boats descending the river in company, and intended to have continued with them, but as their passengers seemed to be more disposed to dancing than fighting, and as, soon after

dark, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Captain Hubbell, they commenced fiddling and drinking instead of preparing their arms and taking the necessary rest preparatory to battle, it was wisely considered more hazardous to be in such company than to continue alone. It was therefore determined to proceed rapidly forward by aid of the oars and to leave those thoughtless fellow travellers behind. One of the boats, however, belonging to the fleet, commanded by a Captain Greathouse, adopted the same plan, and for a while kept up with Captain Hubbell, but all its crew at length falling asleep, that boat also ceased to be propelled by the oars and Captain Hubbell and his party proceeded steadily forward *alone*. Early in the night a canoe was dimly seen floating down the river, in which were probably Indians reconnoitering; and other evident indications were observed of the neighbourhood and hostile intentions of a formidable party of savages.

It was now agreed that should the attack, as was probable, be deferred until morning, every man should be up before the dawn in order to make as great a show as possible of numbers and of strength; and that whenever the action should take place, the women and children should lie down on the cabin floor, and be protected as well as they could by the trunks and other baggage which might be piled around them. In this perilous situation they continued during the night, and the Captain, who had not slept more than one hour since he left Pittsburgh, was too deeply impressed with the imminent danger which surrounded them to obtain any rest at that time.

Just as daylight began to appear in the east, and before the men were up and at their posts agreeably to arrangement, a voice at some distance below them in a plaintive tone repeatedly solicited them to come on shore, as there were some white persons who wished to obtain a passage in their boat. This the Captain very naturally and correctly concluded to be an Indian artifice

and its only effect was to rouse the men and place every one on his guard. The voice of entreaty was soon changed into the language of indignation and insult, and the sound of distant paddles announced the approach of the savage foe. At length three Indian canoes were seen through the mist of the morning rapidly approaching. With the utmost coolness the Captain and his companions prepared to receive them. The chairs, tables and other incumbrances were thrown into the river in order to clear the deck for action. Every man took his position, and was ordered not to fire till the savages had approached so near that (in the words of Captain Hubbell) "the flash from the guns might singe their eyebrows": and a special caution was given, that the men might fire successively, so that there might be no interval. On the arrival of the canoes they were found to contain about twenty-five or thirty Indians each. As soon as they approached within the reach of musket shot a general fire was given from one of them, which wounded Mr. Tucker through the hip so severely that his leg hung only by the flesh, and shot Mr. Light just below his ribs. The three canoes placed themselves at the bow, stern and on the right side of the boat, so that they had an opportunity of raking in every direction. The fire now commenced from the boat, and had a powerful effect in checking the confidence and fury of the Indians. The Captain after firing his own gun, took up that of one of the wounded men and was about to discharge it, when a ball came and took away the lock; he coolly turned round, seized a brand of fire from the kettle which served for a caboose, and applying it to the pan, discharged the piece with effect. A very regular and constant fire was now kept up on both sides. The Captain was just in the act of raising his gun a third time when a ball passed through his right arm, and for a moment disabled him. Scarcely had he recovered from the shock and re-acquired the use of his hand, which had been suddenly drawn up by the wound, when he observed the Indians in one of the canoes just about to board the boat in its bow, where

the horses were placed belonging to the party. So near had they approached that some of them had actually seized with their hands the side of the boat. Severely wounded as he was he caught up a pair of horsemen's pistols, and rushed forward to repel the attempt at boarding. On his approach the Indians fell back, and he discharged a pistol with effect at the foremost man. After firing the second pistol he found himself without arms, and was compelled to retreat, but stepping back upon a pile of small wood which had been prepared for burning in the kettle, the thought struck him that it might be made use of in repelling the foe, and he continued for some time to strike them with it so forcibly and actively that they were unable to enter the boat, and at length he wounded one of them so severely that with a yell they suddenly gave way. All the canoes instantly discontinued the contest and directed their course to Captain Greathouse's boat, which was then in sight. Here a striking contrast was exhibited to the firmness and intrepidity which had just been displayed. Instead of resisting the attack, the people on board of this boat retreated to the cabin in dismay. The Indians entered it without opposition, and rowed it to the shore, where they instantly killed the Captain and a lad of about fourteen years of age. The women they placed in the centre of their canoes, and manning them with fresh hands again pursued Captain Hubbell and party. A melancholy alternative now presented itself to these brave but almost desponding men; either to fall a prey to the savages themselves, or to run the risk of shooting the women who had been placed in the canoes in the hope of deriving protection from their presence. But "self preservation is the first law of nature," and the Captain very justly remarked there would not be much humanity in preserving their lives at such a sacrifice, merely that they might become victims of savage cruelty at some subsequent period.

There were now but four men left on board of Captain Hubbell's boat capable of defending it, and the Captain himself was severely

wounded in two places. The second attack, however, was resisted with almost incredible firmness and vigour. Whenever the Indians would rise to fire, their opponents would commonly give them the first shot, which in almost every instance would prove fatal. Notwithstanding the disparity of numbers and the exhausted condition of the defenders of the boat, the Indians at length appeared to despair of success, and the canoes successively retired to the shore. Just as the last one was departing Captain Hubbell called to the Indian who was standing in the stern, and on his turning round discharged his piece at him. When the smoke which for a moment obstructed the vision was dissipated, he was seen lying on his back, and appeared to be severely, perhaps mortally wounded.

Unfortunately the boat now drifted near to the shore, where the Indians were collected, and a large concourse, probably between four and five hundred, were seen running down on the bank. Ray and Plascut, the only men remaining unhurt, were placed at the oars, and as the boat was not more than twenty yards from shore, it was deemed prudent for all to lie down in as safe a position as possible and attempt to push forward with the utmost practicable rapidity. While they continued in this situation nine balls were shot into one oar, and ten into the other, without wounding the rowers, who were hidden from view and protected by the side of the boat and the blankets in its stern. During this dreadful exposure to the fire of the savages, which continued about twenty minutes, Mr. Kilpatrick observed a particular Indian whom he thought a favourable mark for his rifle, and notwithstanding the solemn warning of Captain Hubbell, rose to shoot him. He immediately received a ball in his mouth, which passed out at the back part of his head, and was almost instantaneously shot through the heart. He fell among the horses that about the same time were killed, and presented to his afflicted daughters and fellow travellers, who were witnesses of the awful occurrence, a spectacle of horror which we need not further attempt to describe.

The boat was now providentially and suddenly carried out into the middle of the stream and taken by the current beyond the reach of the enemies' balls. Our little band, reduced as they were in numbers, wounded, afflicted and almost exhausted by fatigue, were still unsubdued in spirit, and being assembled in all their strength, men, women and children, with an appearance of triumph gave three hearty cheers, calling on the Indians to come on again if they were fond of the sport.

Thus ended this awful conflict, in which out of nine men only two escaped unhurt. Tucker and Kilpatrick were killed on the spot, Stoner was mortally wounded and died on his arrival at Limestone, and all the rest, excepting Ray and Plascut were severely wounded. The women and children were all uninjured, excepting a little son of Mr. Plascut, who after the battle was over came to the Captain and with great coolness requested him to take a ball out of his head. On examination it appeared that a bullet which had passed through the side of the boat had penetrated the forehead of his little hero, and remained under the skin. The Captain took it out, and the youth, observing "that is not all," raised his arm and exhibited a piece of bone at the point of his elbow, which had been shot off, and hung only by the skin. His mother exclaimed "Why did you not tell me of this?" Because he coolly replied "the Captain directed us to be silent during the action, and I thought you would be likely to make a noise if I told you."

The boat made the best of its way down the river, and the object was to reach Limestone that night. The Captain's arm had bled profusely, and he was compelled to close the sleeve of his coat in order to retain the blood and stop its effusion. In this situation, tormented by excruciating pain and faint through loss of blood, he was under the necessity of steering the boat with his left arm till about ten o'clock that night, when he was relieved by Mr. William Brooks, who resided on the bank of the river and who was in-

duced by the calls of the suffering party to come out to their assistance. By his aid and that of some other persons who were in the same manner brought to their relief, they were enabled to reach Limestone about twelve o'clock that night.

Immediately on the arrival of Mr. Brooks Captain Hubbell, relieved from labour and responsibility, sunk under the weight of pain and fatigue, and became for a while totally insensible. When the boat reached Limestone he found himself unable to walk; and was obliged to be carried up to the tavern. Here he had his wound dressed and continued several days, until he acquired sufficient strength to proceed homewards.

On the arrival of our party at Limestone they found a considerable force of armed men about to march against the same Indians from whose attacks they had so severely suffered. They now learned that the Sunday preceding, the same party of savages had cut off a detachment of men ascending the Ohio from Fort Washington, at the mouth of Licking river, and had killed with their tomahawks, without firing a gun, twenty-one out of twenty-two men of which the detachment consisted.

Crowds of people, as might be expected, came to witness (*sic*) the boat which had been the scene of so much heroism and such horrid carnage, and to visit the resolute little band by whom it had been so gallantly and perseveringly defended. On examination it was found that the sides of the boat were literally filled with bullets and with bullet holes. There was scarcely a space of two feet square in the part above water which had not either a ball remaining in it, or a hole through which a ball had passed. Some persons who had the curiosity to count the number of holes in the blankets which were hung up as curtains in the stern of the boat, affirmed that in the space of five feet square there were one hundred and twenty-two. Four horses out of five were killed, and the escape of the fifth amidst such a shower of balls appears almost miraculous.

The day after the arrival of Captain Hubbell and his companions, the five remaining boats, which they had passed on the night preceding the battle, reached Limestone. Those on board remarked that during the action they distinctly saw the flashes, but could not hear the reports of the guns. The Indians, it appears, had met with too formidable a resistance from a single boat to attack a fleet, and suffered them to pass unmolested; and since that time it is believed that no boat has been assailed by Indians on the Ohio.

The force which marched out to disperse this formidable body of savages discovered several Indians dead on the shore near the scene of action. They also found the bodies of Captain Greathouse and several others, men, women and children, who had been on board of his boat. Most of them appeared to have been *whipped to death*, as they were found stripped, tied to trees, and marked with the appearance of lashes, and large rods which seemed to have been worn with use were observed lying near them.

Such is the plain narrative of a transaction that may serve as a specimen of the difficulties and dangers to which, but a few years since, the inhabitants of this now flourishing and beautiful country were constantly exposed.

DEFEAT OF THE INDIANS BY GENERAL WAYNE

AUGUST 20th, 1794

General Wayne to the Secretary of War.

Sir:

It is with infinite pleasure that I announce to you the brilliant success of the Federal army under my command, in a general action with the combined force of the hostile Indians and a considerable number of the volunteers and militia of Detroit, on the

20th August, on the banks of the Miamis, in the vicinity of the British post and garrison at the foot of the Rapids.

The army advanced from Fort Washington on the 15th, and arrived at Roach De Bout on the 18th, and the 19th we were employed in making a temporary post for the reception of our stores and baggage, and in reconnoitreing the position of the enemy, who were encamped behind a thick bushy wood and the British fort.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of the 20th the army again advanced in columns agreeably to the standing order of the march, the Legion on the right, its right flank covered by the Miamis—one brigade of mounted volunteers on the left under Brigadier General Todd, and the other in the rear under Brigadier General Barbee. A select battalion of mounted volunteers moved in front of the legation (*sic*) commanded by Major Price, who was directed to keep sufficiently advanced, and to give timely notice for the troops to form in case of action, it being yet undetermined whether the Indians would decide for peace or war.

After advancing about five miles Major Price's corps received so severe a fire from the enemy, who were secreted in the woods and high grass, as to compel them to retreat.

The Legion was immediately formed in two lines, principally in a close, thick wood which extended for miles on our left, and for a considerable distance in front, the ground being covered with old fallen timber,* probably occasioned by a tornado, which rendered it impracticable for the cavalry to act with effect, and afforded the enemy the most favourable covert for their mode of warfare. The savages were formed in three lines within supporting distance of each other, and extending for near two miles at right angles with the river. I soon discovered from the weight of the fire and extent of their lines, that the enemy were in full force in front, in possession

* Hence the action is known as the Battle of Fallen Timbers.—[Ed.]

of their favourite ground, and endeavouring to turn our left flank; I therefore gave orders for the second line to advance to support the first, and directed Major General Scott to gain and turn the right flank of the savages, with the wholé of the mounted volunteers, by a circuitous route. At the same time I ordered the front line to advance and charge with trailed arms and rouse the Indians from their coverts at the point of the bayonet, and when up, to deliver a close and well-directed fire upon their backs, followed by a brisk charge, so as not to give them time to load again, or to form their lines.

I also ordered Capt. M. Campbell, who commanded the legionary cavalry, to turn the left flank of the enemy next the river, which afforded a favorable field for that corps to act. All those orders were obeyed with spirit and promptitude; but such was the impetuosity of the charge by the first line of Infantry that the Indians and Canadian militia and volunteers were driven from all their coverts in so short a time that, although every possible exertion was used by the officers of the second line of the Legion and by Generals Scott, Wood and Barbee, of the mounted volunteers, to gain their proper positions, but part of each could get up in season to participate in the action; the enemy being driven in the course of one hour more than two miles, through the thick woods already mentioned, by less than one-half their number.

From every account the enemy amounted to two thousand combatants, the troops actually engaged against them were short of nine hundred. This horde of savages, with their allies abandoned themselves to flight and dispersed with terror and dismay, leaving our victorious army in full possession of the field of battle, which terminated under the influence of the guns of the British garrison.

The bravery and conduct of every officer belonging to the army, from the Generals down to the Ensigns, merit my approbation.

Lieutenant Covington, upon whom the command of the cavalry devolved (Captain Campbell being killed), cut down two savages with his own hand, and Lieutenant Webb one, in turning the enemy's left flank.

The wounds received by Captains Slough, Prior, Van Rensselaer and Rawlins, and Lieuts. McKenny and Smith, bear honorable testimony of their bravery and conduct; in fact every officer and soldier who had an opportunity to come into action displayed that true bravery which will always insure success. And here permit me to declare that I have never discovered more true spirit and anxiety for action than appeared to pervade the whole of the mounted volunteers; and I am well-persuaded that had the enemy maintained their favorite ground for one-half hour longer they would have most severely felt the prowess of that corps.

But whilst I pay this just tribute to the living, I must not neglect the gallant dead, among whom we have to lament the early death of those worthy and brave officers Captain Campbell and Lieutenant Towles, who fell in the first charge.

The loss of the enemy was more than double that of the federal army. The woods were strewed for a considerable distance with dead bodies of Indians and their white auxiliaries, the latter armed with British muskets and bayonets. We remained three days and nights on the banks of the Miami, in front of the field of battle, during which time all the houses and cornfields were consumed and destroyed for a considerable distance above and below the garrison; among which were the houses, stores and property of Col. McKee, the British Indian agent and principal stimulator of the war now existing between the United States and the savages.

The army returned to head-quarters on the 27th by easy marches, laying waste the villages and cornfields for about fifty miles on each side of the Miami. It is not improbable but that

the enemy may make one desperate effort against the army, as it was said a reinforcement was hourly expected at Fort Miami from Niagara, as well as numerous tribes of Indians living on the margins and islands of the Lakes. This is an event rather to be wished for than dreaded; whilst the army remains in force their numbers will only tend to confuse the savages, and the victory will be the more complete and decisive, and which may eventually insure a permanent and happy peace.

The following is a return of the killed and wounded and missing of the federal army in the late action, to wit:

Killed—1 Captain, 1 Lieutenant, 3 Serjeants (28) privates—Total 33.

Wounded—4 Captains, 2 Lieutenants, 1 Ensign, 4 Serjeants, 3 Corporals, 2 Musicians, 84 privates—Total 100.

I have the honor to be your obedient and very humble servant,

ANTHONY WAYNE

To the Secretary of War

A NARRATIVE

OF THE

MOST REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES

IN THE

LIFE AND TRAVELS OF COL. JAMES SMITH

DURING HIS CAPTIVITY AMONG THE INDIANS FROM THE YEAR 1755 UNTIL 1759

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

Colonel Smith informs us in his preface, that as the Indians permitted him to read and write, he kept a Journal in which he recorded every circumstance of importance as it occurred. In doing this he was enabled not only to imitate the style and manner of expression of the Indians in their different speeches, but also to preserve the ideas intended to be communicated in those speeches. "In common conversation," he adds, "I have used my own style, but preserved their ideas."

The following is an abridgement of what the Narrator suffered and witnessed during five years' imprisonment among the western savages. Our limits will not permit us to give the reader an account of the campaigns carried on against the Indians after his captivity, the circumstances of which are minutely detailed in Col. Smith's very interesting pamphlet as published in the year 1799.

IN MAY, 1755, the province of Pennsylvania agreed to send out three hundred men in order to cut a wagon road from Fort Loudon[1], to join Braddock's road[2] near the Turkey Foot, or three forks of Youghiogheny. My brother-in-law William Smith, Esq., of Conococheague was appointed commissioner to have the oversight of these road-cutters.

Though I was at that time only eighteen years of age, I had fallen violently in love with a young lady whom I apprehend was possessed of a large share of both beauty and virtue; but being born between Venus and Mars, I concluded I must also leave my dear fair one and go out with this company of road-cutters, to see the event of this campaign; but still expecting that some time in the course of the summer I should again return to the arms of my beloved.

We went on with the road without interruption, until near the Alleghany Mountain, when I was sent back in order to hurry up some provision wagons that were on the way after us. I proceeded down the road as far as the crossings of Juniata, where, finding the wagons were coming on as fast as possible, I returned up the road again towards the Alleghany Mountain, in company with one Arnold Vigoras. About four or five miles above Bedford three Indians had made a blind of bushes stuck in the ground as though they grew naturally; where they concealed themselves, about fifteen yards from the road. When we came opposite to them they fired upon us at this short distance, and killed my fellow-traveller; yet their bullets did not touch me: but my horse making a violent start threw me, and the Indians immediately ran up and took me prisoner. The one that laid hold on me was a Canasatauga, the

1 Fort Loudon was built in 1756 near where is the present town of Loudon, Franklin County, Pa., and named for John Campbell, earl of Loudon, commander-in-chief in America in 1756.

2 Braddock's road was opened in 1755 from Fort Cumberland to the Great Crossing of the Youghiogheny (now Smithfield, Pa.) by nearly the same lines as that of the present National Road. Smithfield is about four miles from the Turkey Foot. The road from Shippensburgh to the Youghiogheny was for many years called Smith's Road.

other two were Delawares. One of them could speak English, and asked me if there were any more white men coming after, I told them not any near that I knew of. Two of these Indians stood near me whilst the other scalped my comrade: they then set off and ran at a smart rate through the woods for about fifteen miles; and that night we slept on the Alleghany Mountain without fire.

The next morning they divided the last of their provision which they had brought from Fort Du Quesne, and gave me an equal share, which was about two or three ounces of mouldy biscuit—this, and a young Ground-Hog, about as large as a Rabbit, roasted and also equally divided, was all the provision we had until we came to the Loyal-Hannan,* which was about fifty miles; and a great part of the way we came through exceedingly rocky laurel thickets, without any path. When we came to the west side of Laurel Hill they gave the scalp-halloo as usual, which is a long yell or halloo for every scalp or prisoner they have in possession. The last of these scalp-halloos was followed with quick and sudden shrill shouts of joy and triumph. On their performing this we were answered by the firing of a number of guns on the Loyal Hannan, one after another, quicker than one could count, by another party of Indians, who were encamped near where Ligonier now stands. As we advanced near this party they increased with repeated shouts of joy and triumph; but I did not share with them in their excessive mirth. When we came to this camp we found they had plenty of Turkeys and other meat there; and though I never before ate venison without bread or salt, yet as I was hungry it relished very well. There we lay that night, and the next morning the whole of us marched on our way for Fort Du Quesne. The night after we joined another camp of Indians, with nearly the same ceremony, attended with great noise and apparent joy among all, except one. The next morning we continued our march, and in the afternoon we came in full view of the fort, which stood on the point, near where

* The Loyalhanna Creek.

Fort Pitt now stands. We then made a halt on the bank of the Alleghany, and repeated the scalp-halloo, which was answered by the firing of all the firelocks in the hands of both Indians and French who were in and about the fort, in the aforesaid manner, and also the great guns, which were followed by the continued shouts and yells of the different savage tribes who were then collected there.

As I was at this time unacquainted with the mode of firing and yelling of the savages, I concluded that there were thousands of Indians there ready to receive General Braddock; but what added to my surprise, I saw numbers running towards me stripped naked, excepting breech-clouts, and painted in the most hideous manner, of various colors. Though the principal color was vermilion, or a bright red, yet there was annexed to this black, brown, blue, &c. As they approached they formed themselves into two long ranks about two or three rods* apart. I was told by an Indian that could speak English that I must run betwixt these ranks, and that they would flog me all the way as I ran, and if I ran quick it would be so much the better, as they would quit when I got to the end of the ranks. There appeared to be a general rejoicing around me, yet I could find nothing like joy in my breast; but I started to the race with all the resolution and vigor I was capable of exerting, and found it was as I had been told, for I was flogged the whole way. When I had got near the end of the lines I was struck with something that appeared to me to be a stick or the handle of a tomahawk, which caused me to fall to the ground. On recovering my senses I endeavoured to renew my race; but as I rose some one cast sand in my eyes, which blinded me so that I could not see where to run. They continued beating me most intolerably, until I was at length insensible; but before I lost my senses I remember wishing them to strike the fatal blow, for I thought they intended killing me, but apprehended they were too long about it.

* This is obviously a mistake for yards: at two or three *rods* apart they could not have reached him with their weapons.—[Ed.]

The first thing I remember was my being in the fort, amidst the French and Indians, and a French doctor standing by me, who had opened a vein in my left arm; after which the interpreter asked me how I did. I told him I felt much pain; the doctor then washed my wounds and the bruised places of my body, with French brandy. As I felt faint and the brandy smelt well, I asked for some inwardly, but the doctor told me by the interpreter that it did not suit my case.

When they found I could speak, a number of Indians came around me and examined me, with threats of cruel death if I did not tell the truth. The first question they asked me was how many men were in the party that were coming from Pennsylvania to join Braddock. I told them the truth, that there were three hundred. The next question was, were they well armed. I told them they were all well armed: meaning the arm of flesh, for they had only about thirty guns among the whole of them; which if the Indians had known, they would certainly have gone and cut them all off; therefore I could not in conscience let them know the defenceless situation of these road-cutters. I was then sent to the hospital, and carefully attended by the doctors, and recovered quicker than what I expected.

Some time after I was there I was visited by the Delaware Indian already mentioned, who was at the taking of me, and could speak some English. Though he spoke but bad English, yet I found him to be a man of considerable understanding. I asked him if I had done anything that had offended the Indians, which caused them to treat me so unmercifully. He said no, it was only an old custom the Indians had, and it was like "how do you do"—after that he said I would be well-used. I asked him if I should be admitted to remain with the French. He said no—and told me that as soon as I recovered I must not only go with the Indians but must be made an Indian myself. I asked him, what news from Braddock's army. He said the Indians spied them every day; and

he showed me, by making marks on the ground with a stick, that Braddock's army was advancing in very close order, and that the Indians would surround them, take trees, and (as he expressed it,) *shoot um down all one pigeon.*

Shortly after this, on the 9th day of July, 1755, in the morning, I heard a great stir in the fort. As I could then walk with a staff in my hand, I went out of the door which was just by the wall of the fort, and stood upon the wall and viewed the Indians in a huddle before the gate, where were barrels of powder, bullets, flints &c., and every one taking what suited. I saw the Indians also march off in rank, entire—likewise the French Canadians and some regulars. After viewing the Indians and French in different positions, I computed them to be about four hundred, and wondered that they attempted to go out against Braddock with so small a party. I was then in high hopes that I would soon see them flying before the British troops, and that General Braddock would take the fort and rescue me.

I remained anxious to know the event of this day; and in the afternoon I again observed a great noise and commotion in the Fort, and though at that time I could not understand French, yet I found that it was the voice of joy and triumph, and feared that they had received what I called bad news.

I had observed some of the old-country soldiers speak Dutch: as I spoke Dutch I went to one of them and asked him what was the news. He told me that a runner had just arrived, who said that Braddock would certainly be defeated; that the Indians and French had surrounded him, and were concealed behind trees and in gullies, and kept a constant fire upon the English, and that they saw the English falling in heaps, and if they did not take the river, which was the only gap, and make their escape, there would not be one man left alive before sundown.

Sometime after this I heard a number of scalp-halloos, and saw a company of Indians and French coming in. I observed that they had a great many bloody scalps, grenadiers' caps, British canteens, bayonets, &c., with them. They brought the news that Braddock was defeated. After that another company came in which appeared to be about one hundred, and chiefly Indians, and it seemed to me that almost every one of this company was carrying scalps; after this came another company with a number of wagon-horses, and also a great many scalps. Those that were coming in and those that had arrived kept a constant firing of small arms, and also the great guns in the fort, which were accompanied with the most hideous shouts and yells from all quarters; so that it appeared to me as if the infernal regions had broke loose.

About sundown I beheld a small party coming in with about a dozen prisoners, stripped naked, with their hands tied behind their backs, and their faces and part of their bodies blacked—these prisoners they burned to death on the bank of the Alleghany river, opposite the Fort. I stood on the fort wall until I beheld them begin to burn one of these men. They had him tied to a stake and kept touching him with fire-brands, red-hot irons &c., and he screaming in a most doleful manner, the Indians in the meantime yelling like infernal spirits. As this scene appeared too shocking for me to behold, I retired to my lodgings both sore and sorry.

When I came into my lodgings I saw Russell's "Seven Sermons", which they had brought from the field of battle, which a Frenchman made a present of to me. From the best information I could receive there were only seven Indians and four Frenchmen killed in this battle, and five hundred British lay dead in the fi ld, beside what were killed in the river on their retreat.

The morning after the battle I saw Braddock's artillery brought into the fort; the same day I also saw several Indians in

British officers' dress with sash, half-moon,* laced hats, &c., which the British then wore.

A few days after this the Indians demanded me, and I was obliged to go with them. I was not yet well able to march, but they took me in a canoe, up the Alleghany river to an Indian town[3] that was on the north side of the river, about forty miles above Fort Du Quesne. Here I remained about three weeks, and was then taken to an Indian town on the west branch of Muskingum about twenty miles above the forks, which was called Tullihas,[4] inhabited by Delawares, Caughnewagos and Mohicans. On our route betwixt the aforesaid towns the country was chiefly black oak and white oak land, which appeared generally to be good wheat land, chiefly second and third-rate, intermixed with some rich bottoms.

The day after my arrival at the aforesaid town a number of Indians collected about me, and one of them began to pull the hair out of my head. He had some ashes on a piece of bark, in which he frequently dipped his fingers in order to take the firmer hold, and so he went on as if he had been plucking a turkey, until he had all the hair clean out of my head except a small spot about three or four inches square on my crown. This they cut off with a pair of scissors, excepting three locks which they dressed up in their own mode. Two of these they wrapped round with a narrow beaded garter made by themselves for that purpose, and the other they platted at full length, and then stuck it full of silver broaches. After this they bored my nose and ears, and fixed me off with ear-rings and nose jewels; then they ordered me to strip off my clothes and put on a breech-clout, which I did; they then painted my head,

* Gorget, such as then worn on the breast by officers.

3 Indian town: the Kittanning Villages, inhabited chiefly by Delawares; now Kittanning, Armstrong County, Pa.

4 Tullihas: at or near the junction of the Mohican and Owl Creeks (which form the White Woman or Walhonding) in the township of New Castle, Coshocton County, O. The celebrated Delaware chief "Captain Pipe" lived (1776) on the Walhonding, fifteen miles above Coshocton (the "Forks of Muskingum")

face and body in various colours. They put a large belt of wampum on my neck, and silver bands on my hands and right arm; and so an old chief led me out in the street and gave the alarm-halloo, *coo-wigh*, several times repeated quick; and on this all that were in the town came running and stood round the old chief, who held me by the hand in the midst. As I at that time knew nothing of their mode of adoption, and had seen them put to death all they had taken, and as I never could find that they saved a man alive at Braddock's defeat, I made no doubt but they were about putting me to death in some cruel manner. The old chief, holding me by the hand, made a long speech very loud, and when he had done he handed me to three young squaws, who led me by one hand down the bank into the river until the water was up to our middle. The squaws then made signs to me to plunge myself into the water, but I did not understand them. I thought that the result of the council was that I should be drowned, and that these young ladies were to be the executioners. They all three laid violent hold of me; and I for some time opposed them with all my might, which occasioned loud laughter by the multitude that were on the bank of the river. At length one of the squaws made out to speak a little English (for I believe they began to be afraid of me) and said "No hurt you." On this I gave myself up to their ladyships, who were as good as their word, for though they plunged me under water and washed and rubbed me severely, yet I could not say they hurt me much.

These young women then led me up to the council-house, where some of the tribe were ready with new clothes for me. They gave me a new ruffled shirt, which I put on, also a pair of leggins done off with ribbons and beads, likewise a pair of mockasons and garters dressed with beads, porcupine quills and red hair; also a tinsel-laced cappo.* They again painted my head and face with various colors, and tied a bunch of red feathers to one of these

*Chapeau.

locks they had left on the crown of my head, which stood up five or six inches. They seated me on a bearskin, and gave me a pipe-tomahawk, and polecat skin pouch, which had been skinned pocket-fashion, and contained tobacco, killegenico, or dry sumach leaves, which they mix with their tobacco—also spunk, flint and steel. When I was thus seated the Indians came in dressed and painted in their grandest manner. As they came in they took their seats and for a considerable time there was a profound silence. Every one was smoking, but not a word was spoken among them. At length one of the old chiefs made a speech which was delivered to me by an interpreter and was as followeth: "My son, you are now flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone. By the ceremony which was performed this day every drop of white blood was washed out of your veins; you are taken into the Caughnewago[5] nation and initiated into a warlike tribe; you are adopted into a great family and now received with great seriousness and solemnity in the room and place of a great man. After what has passed this day you are now one of us by an old strong law and custom. My son, you have now nothing to fear, we are now under the same obligation to love, support and defend you that we are to love and defend one another therefore you are to consider yourself as one of our people." At the time I did not believe this fine speech, especially that of the white blood being washed out of me; but since that time I have found that there was much sincerity in said speech, for from that day I never knew them to make any distinction between me and themselves in any respect whatever until I left them. If they had plenty of clothing I had plenty: if we were scarce we all shared one fate.

After this ceremony was over I was introduced to my new kin and told that I was to attend a feast that evening, which I did. And as the custom was they gave me also a bowl and wooden spoon,

5 The Caughnewagas an old tribe of the Mohawks, in the interest of the French, who early in the eighteenth century induced them to remove from New York and settle at the rapids of St. Louis, near Montreal.

which I carried with me to the place, where there was a number of large brass kettles full of boiled venison and green corn; everyone advanced with his bowl and spoon and had his share given him. After this one of the chiefs made a short speech, and then we began to eat.

The name of one of the chiefs in this town was Tecanyaterighto *alias* Pluggy,[6] and the other Asallecoa, *alias* Mohawk Solomon. As Pluggy and his party were to start the next day to the frontiers of Virginia, the next thing to be performed was the war dance and their war songs. At their war dance they had both vocal and instrumental music. They had a short hollow gum closed in one end, with water in it and parchment stretched over the open end thereof, which they beat with one stick and made a sound nearly like a muffled drum; all those who were going on this expedition collected together and formed. An old Indian then began to sing, and timed the music by beating on this drum, as the ancients formerly timed their music by beating the tabor. On this the warriors began to advance or move forward in concert, like well disciplined troops would march to the fife and drum. Each warrior had a tomahawk, spear or war-mallet in his hand, and they all moved regularly towards the east, or the way they intended to go to war. At length they all stretched their tomahawks towards the Potomack, and giving a hideous shout or yell, they wheeled quick about, and danced in the same manner back. The next was the war song. In performing this only one sung at a time, in a moving posture, with a tomahawk in his hand, while all the other warriors were engaged in calling aloud "*he uh, he uh,*" which they constantly repeated while the war song was going on. When the warrior that was singing had ended his song he struck a war-post with his tomahawk, and with a loud voice told what warlike exploits he had

6 Pluggy—a Mohawk chief, probably son of Tecanyaterighto, appeared at the Dunmore council held with the Indians near Fort Pitt, 1774. Pluggy's Town—also known as Upper Chillicothe and Old Chillicothe. It was four miles below Circleville, where the celebrated chief Logan lived.

done and what he now intended to do; which was answered by the other warriors with loud shouts of applause. Some who had not before intended to go to war, at this time were so animated by this performance that they took up the tomahawk and sung the war song, which was answered with shouts of joy, as they were then initiated into the present marching company. The next morning this company all collected at one place, with their heads and faces painted with various colors and packs upon their backs; they marched off all silent except the commander, who in the front sung the travelling song, which began in this manner: "*hoo caughtainteheegana.*" Just as the rear passed the end of the town they began to fire in their slow manner, from the front to the rear, which was accompanied with shouts and yells from all quarters.

This evening I was invited to another sort of dance, which was a kind of promiscuous dance. The young men stood in one rank and the young women in another, about one rod apart, facing each other. The one that raised the tune or started the song held a small gourd, or dry shell of a squash in his hand, which contained beads or small stones which he rattled. When he began to sing he timed the tune with his rattle; both men and women danced and sung together, advancing towards each other, stooping until their heads would be touching together, and then ceased from dancing, with loud shouts, and retreated and formed again, and so repeated the same thing over and over for three or four hours without intermission. This exercise appeared to me at first irrational and insipid; but I found that in singing their tunes they used *ya*, *ne*, *no*, *hoo*, *wa*, *ne*, &c., like our *fa*, *sol*, *la*, and though they have no such thing as jingling verse, yet they can intermix sentences with their notes, and say what they please to each other, and carry on the tune in concert. I found that this was a kind of wooing or courting dance, and as they advanced stooping with their heads together they could say what they pleased in each other's ear, without disconcerting their rough music; and the others or those near, not hear what they said.

Shortly after this I went out to hunt in company with Mohawk Solomon, some of the Caughnewagos and a Delaware Indian that was married to a Caughnewago squaw. We travelled about south from this town, and the first night we killed nothing; but we had with us green corn, which we roasted and ate that night. The next day we encamped about 12 o'clock and the hunters turned out to hunt, and I went down the run that we encamped on, in company with some squaws and boys, to hunt plumbs, which we found in great plenty. On my return to camp I observed a large piece of fat meat: the Delaware Indian that could talk some English observed me looking earnestly at this meat, and asked me "What meat you think that is?" I said I supposed it was bear meat. He laughed and said "Ho, all one fool you, beal now elly pool"* —and pointing to the other side of the camp he said "Look at that skin, you think that beal skin?" I went and lifted the skin, which appeared like an ox hide; he then said "What skin you think that?" I replied that I thought it was a buffalo hide; he laughed and said "You fool again, you know nothing, you think buffalo that colo [r]?" I acknowledged I did not know much about these things, and told him I never saw a buffaloe, and that I had not heard what color they were. He replied "By and by you shall see gleat many buffaloe. He now go to gleat lick. That skin no buffaloe skin, that skin buck elk skin." They went out with horses and brought in the remainder of this buck elk, which was the fattest creature I ever saw of the tallow kind.

We remained at this camp about eight or ten days and killed a number of deer. Though we had neither bread or salt at this time, yet we had both roast and boiled meat in great plenty, and they were frequently inviting me to eat when I had no appetite.

We then moved to the buffaloe lick,[7] where we killed several buffaloes, and in their small brass kettles they made about half a

* Bears are now in very poor condition.

7 Buffalo Lick. In Licking and Fairfield counties, now known as the Reservoir or Licking Summit of the Ohio Canal, ten miles south of Newark, O.

bushel of salt. I suppose this lick was about thirty or forty miles from the aforesaid town, and somewhere between the Muskingum, Ohio and Scioto. About the lick was clear, open woods and thin white-oak land, and at that time there were large roads leading to the lick, like wagon roads. We moved from this lick about six or seven miles and encamped on a creek.

Though the Indians had given me a gun, I had not been admitted to go out from the camp to hunt. At this place Mohawk Solomon asked me to go out from the camp to hunt, which I readily agreed to. After some time we came upon some fresh buffaloe tracks. I had observed before this that the Indians were upon their guard, and afraid of an enemy; for until now they and the southern Indians had been at war. As we were following the buffaloe tracks Solomon seemed to be upon his guard, went very slow, and would frequently stand and listen, and appeared to be in suspense. We came to where the tracks were very plain in the sand, and I said "It is surely buffaloe tracks." He said "Hush, you know nothing; may be buffaloe tracks, maybe Catawba[8]". He went very cautious until we found some fresh buffaloe dung; he then smiled and said "Catawba cannot make so". He then stopped and told me an odd story about the Catawbas. He said that formerly the Catawbas came near one of their hunting camps, and at some distance from the camp lay in ambush, and in order to decoy them out sent two or three Catawbas in the night past their camp, with buffaloe hoofs fixed on their feet so as to make artificial tracks. In the morning those in the camp followed after these tracks, thinking they were buffaloe, until they were fired on by the Catawbas and several of them killed. The others fled, collected a party and pursued the Catawbas; but they in their subtility brought with them rattlesnake poison, which they had collected from the bladder which lieth at the root of the snake's

8 Catawbas—a very warlike tribe of the Carolinas. A few yet remained (in 1870) in Western North Carolina. They are supposed to be the remnant of the once famous Eries, living by Lake Erie, who were conquered and driven south by the Iroquois in 1650.

teeth. This they had corked up in a short piece of a cornstalk; they had also brought them small cane or reed, about the size of a rye straw; which they made sharp at the end like a pen, and stuck them in the ground among the grass along their own tracks, in such a position that they might stick into the legs of the pursuers; which answered the design, and as the Catawbas had runners behind, to watch the motion of the pursuers, when they found a number of them were lame, being artificially snake-bit, and that they were all turning back, the Catawbas turned upon the pursuers and defeated them, killed and scalped all those that were lame. When Solomon had finished this story, and found that I understood him, he concluded by saying "You don't know Catawba; velly bad Indian Catawba; all one devil, Catawba".

Some time after this I was told to take the dogs with me and go down the creek, perhaps I might kill a turkey, it being in the afternoon. I was also told not to go far from the creek, and to come up the creek again to the camp, and to take care not to get lost. When I had gone some distance down the creek I came upon fresh buffaloe tracks, and as I had a number of dogs with me to stop the buffaloe I concluded I would follow after and kill one; and as the grass and weeds were rank I could readily follow the track. A little before sundown I despaired of coming up with them I was thinking how I might get to camp before night: I concluded that as the buffaloe had taken several turns, if I took the track back to the creek it would be dark before I could get to camp; therefore I thought I would take a near way through the hills and strike the creek a little below the camp; but as it was cloudy weather and I a very young woodsman, I could find neither creek nor camp. When night came on I fired my gun several times and hallooed, but could have no answer. The next morning early the Indians were out after me, and as I had with me ten or a dozen dogs and the grass and weeds rank, they could readily follow my track. When they came up with me they appeared to be in a very

good humor. I asked Solomon if he thought I was running away. He said "No, no, you go too much clooked". On my return to camp they took my gun from me, and for this rash step I was reduced to a bow and arrows for near two years. We were on this tour about six weeks.

This country is generally hilly, though intermixed with considerable quantities of rich upland, and some good bottoms.

When we returned to the town Pluggy and his party had arrived, and brought with them a considerable number of scalps and prisoners, from the South Branch of (the) Potowmack; they also brought with them an English Bible, which they gave to a Dutch woman who was a prisoner; but as she could not read English she made a present of it to me, which was very acceptable.

I remained in this town until some time in October when my adopted brother, called Tontileaugo, who had married a Wyandot squaw, took me with him to Lake Erie. We proceeded up the west branch of Muskingum, and for some distance up the river the land was hilly, but intermixed with large bodies of tolerable rich upland, and excellent bottoms. We proceeded on, to the headwaters of the west branch of Muskingum. On the headwaters of this branch, and from thence to the waters of Canesadooharie,[8A] there is a large body of rich, well-lying land. The timber is ash, walnut, sugar-tree, buckeye, honey-locust, and cherry, intermixed with some oak, hickory, &c. This tour was at the time that the black haws were ripe, and we were seldom out of sight of them; they were common here both in the bottoms and upland.

On this route we had no horse with us, and when we started from the town all the pack I carried was a pouch containing my

8A Canesadooharie—the Black River, in Lorain County, O. The route of Smith's party seems to have been from the town of Tullihas along the lake fork of the Mohican creek to its source in the northern part of Ashland county, thence a few miles northeasterly to the head waters of the Black River. The Falls of Black River, at Elyria, are doubtless those mentioned in the Narrative; the distance is forty feet perpendicularly. Smith was young, and his means of taking and preserving notes very scanty.

books, a little dried venison, and my blanket. I had then no gun, but Tontileaugo, who was a first-rate hunter, carried a rifle gun, and every day killed deer, raccoons or bears. We left the meat, except a little for present use, and carried the skins with us until we encamped, and then stretched them with elm bark, in a frame made with poles stuck in the ground and tied together with lynn[9] or elm bark; and when the skins were dried by the fire we packed them up, and carried them with us the next day.

As Tontileaugo could not speak English I had to make use of all the Caughnewaga I had learned even to talk very imperfectly with him; but I found I learned to talk Indian faster this way than when I had those with me who could speak English.

As we proceeded down the Canesadooharie waters, our packs increased by the skins that were daily killed, and became so very heavy that we could not march more than eight or ten miles per day. We came to Lake Erie about six miles west of the mouth of Canesadooharie. As the wind was very high the evening we came to the Lake, I was surprised to hear the roaring of the water, and see the high waves that dashed against the shore like the ocean. We encamped on a run near the lake; and as the wind fell that night, the next morning the lake was only in a moderate motion, and we marched on the sand along the side of the water frequently resting ourselves, as we were heavy laden. I saw on the strand a number of large fish, that had been left in flat or hollow places. As the wind fell and the waves abated, they were left without water or only a small quantity, and numbers of bald and grey eagles, &c., were along the shore, devouring them.

Sometime in the afternoon we came to a large camp of Wyandots, at the mouth of Canesadooharie, where Tontileaugo's wife was. Here we were kindly received; they gave us a kind of rough,

9 The tree referred to in ancient deeds and old time history as the "Lynn" or "Linn" tree, is "Tilia Americana," the American Linden.

brown potatoes[10] which grew spontaneously and is called by the Caughnewagas *ohnenata*. These potatoes peeled and dipped in raccoons' fat, taste nearly like our sweet potatoes. They also gave us what they call *cane heanta*, which is a kind of homony, made of green corn, dried, and beans mixed together.

From the headwaters of Canesadooharie to this place the land is generally good; chiefly first or second rate, and comparatively little or no third rate. The only refuse is some swamps that appear to be too wet for use; yet I apprehend that a number of them, if drained, would make excellent meadows. The timber is black oak, walnut, hickory, cherry, black ash, white ash, water-ash, buckeye, black locust, honey locust, sugar-tree and elm; there is also some land, though comparatively but small, where the timber is chiefly white oak or beech, which may be called third-rate. In the bottoms, and also many places in the upland, there is a large quantity of wild apple, plumb, and red and black haw trees. It appeared to be well-watered, and a plenty of meadow ground, intermixed with upland, but no large prairies or glades that I saw or heard of. In this route deer, bear, turkeys and raccoons appeared plenty, but no buffaloe, and very little sign of elk.

We continued our camp at the mouth of Canesadooharie for some time, where we killed some deer, and a great many raccoons; the raccoons here were remarkably large and fat. At length we all embarked in a large birch-bark canoe. This vessel was about four feet wide and three feet deep, and about five and thirty feet long; and though it could carry a heavy burden, it was so artfully and curiously constructed that four men could carry it several miles, from one landing-place to another or from the waters of the Lake to the waters of the Ohio. We proceeded up Canesadooharie a few miles and went on shore to hunt: but to my great surprise they carried the vessel that we all came in, up the bank, and inverted it or turned the bottom up, and converted it to a dwelling-

10 Potatoes—Ogh-ne-an-ta in Mohawk.

house, and kindled a fire before us to warm ourselves by and cook. With our baggage and ourselves in this house we were very much crowded, yet our little house turned off the rain very well.

We kept moving and hunting up this river until we came to the falls. Here we remained some weeks and killed a number of deer, several bears, and a great many raccoons. From the mouth of this river to the falls is about five and twenty miles. On our passage up I was not much out from the river, but what I saw was good land and not hilly. About the falls is chestnut land, which is almost the only chestnut timber I ever saw in this country.

While we remained here I left my pouch with my books in camp, wrapt up in my blanket, and went out to hunt chestnuts. On my return to camp my books were missing, I enquired after them, and asked the Indians if they knew where they were; they told me that they supposed the puppies had carried them off. I did not believe them, but thought they were displeased at my poring over my books, and concluded that they had destroyed them or put them out of my way.

After this I was again out after nuts, and on my return beheld a new erection, which were two white oak saplings, that were forked about twelve feet high, and stood about fifteen feet apart. They had cut these saplings at the forks, and laid a strong pole across, which appeared in the form of a gallows, and the posts they had shaved very smooth and painted in places in vermillion. I could not conceive the use of this piece of work, and at length concluded it was a gallows. I thought that I had displeased them by reading my books, and that they were about putting me to death. The next morning I observed them bringing their skins all to this place and hanging them over this pole, so as to preserve them from being injured by the weather: this removed my fears. They also buried their large canoe in the ground, which is the way they took to preserve this sort of a canoe in the winter season.

As we had at this time no horses every one got a pack on his back, and we steered an east course about twelve miles, and encamped. The next morning we proceeded on the same course about ten miles, to a large creek[11] that empties into Lake Erie betwixt Canesadooharie and Cayahaga*. Here they made their winter cabin, in the following form: they cut logs about fifteen feet long, and laid these logs upon each other, and drove posts in the ground at each end to keep them together; the posts they tied together at the top with bark, and by this means raised a wall fifteen feet and about four feet high; and in the same manner they raised another wall opposite to this, at about twelve feet distance; then they drove forks in the ground in the centre of each end, and laid a strong pole from end to end on these forks, and from these walls to the pole they set up poles instead of rafters; and on these they tied small poles instead of laths; and a cover was made of Lynn bark, which will run† even in the winter season.

As every tree will not run, they examine the tree first by trying it near the ground; and when they find it will do they fall the tree and raise the bark with the tomahawk, near the top of the tree about five or six inches broad; then put the tomahawk-handle under this bark and pull it along down to the butt of the tree; so that sometimes one piece of bark will be thirty feet long. This bark they cut at suitable lengths in order to cover the hut.

At the end of these walls they set up split timber, so that they had timber all round, excepting a door at each end. At the top, in place of a chimney, they left an open place, and for bedding they laid down the aforesaid kind of bark on which they spread bear-skins. From end to end of this hut along the middle there were fires, which the squaws made of dry split wood—and the holes or

11 Large Creek—is Rocky River, in Medina, Lorain and Cuyahoga Counties. The winter cabin was probably on the east branch of the Rocky, either in the present township of Hinckley, in Medina, or in the adjoining township of Royalton, in Cuyahoga. Bear, deer and wolves were abundant here until 1818.

* Cuyahoga.

† Can be peeled from the tree.

open places that appeared the squaws stopped with moss, which they collected from old logs, and at the doors they hung a bearskin; and notwithstanding the winters are hard here our lodging was much better than what I expected.

It was some time in December when we finished this winter cabin; but when we had got into this comparatively fine lodging another difficulty arose: we had nothing to eat. While I was travelling with Tontileaugo, as was before mentioned and had plenty of fat venison, bear's meat and raccoons, I then thought it was hard living without bread or salt; but now I began to conclude that if I had anything that would banish pinching hunger and keep soul and body together, I would be content.

While the hunters were all out exerting themselves to the utmost of their ability, the squaws and boys (in which class I was) were scattered out in the bottoms hunting red haws, black haws and hickory nuts. As it was too late in the year, we did not succeed in gathering haws, but we had tolerable success in scratching up hickory nuts from under a light snow, which we carried with us lest the hunters should not succeed. After our return the hunters came in, who had killed only two small turkeys, which were but little among eight hunters and thirteen squaws, boys and children; but they were divided with the greatest equity and justice—every one got their equal share.

The next day the hunters turned out again, and killed one deer and three bears. One of the bears was very large and remarkably fat. The hunters carried in meat sufficient to give us all a hearty supper and breakfast.

The squaws and all that could carry turned out to bring in meat. Every one had their share assigned them, and my load was among the least; yet not being accustomed to carrying in this way I got exceedingly weary, and told them my load was too heavy: I must leave part of it and come for it again. They made halt and

only laughed at me, and took part of my load and added it to a young squaw's, who had as much before as I carried.

This kind of reproof had a greater tendency to excite me to exert myself in carrying without complaining, than if they had whipped me for laziness. After this the hunters held a council, and concluded that they must have horses to carry their loads; and that they would go to war even in this inclement season in order to bring in horses.

Tontileaugo wished to be one of those who should go to war; but the votes went against him, as he was one of our best hunters; it was thought necessary to leave him at this winter camp to provide for the squaws and children. It was agreed upon that Tontileaugo and three others should stay and hunt, and the other four go to war.

Then they began to go through their common ceremony. They sung their war songs, danced their war-dances, &c., and when they were equipped they went off singing their marching song and firing their guns. Our camp appeared to be rejoicing, but I was grieved to think that some innocent persons would be murdered not thinking of danger.

After the departure of these warriors we had hard times; and though we were not altogether out of provisions we were brought to short allowance. At length Tontileaugo had considerable success, and we had meat brought into camp sufficient to last ten days. Tontileaugo then took me with him in order to encamp some distance from this winter cabin, to try his luck there. We carried no provision with us; he said we would leave what was there for the squaws and children, and that we could shift for ourselves. We steered about a south course up the waters of this creek, and encamped about ten or twelve miles from the winter cabin. As it was still cold weather and a crust upon the snow, which made a noise as we walked and alarmed the deer, we could kill nothing,

and consequently went to sleep without supper. The only chance we had under these circumstances was to hunt bear-holes; as the bears, about Christmas, search out a winter lodging-place, where they lie about three or four months without eating or drinking. This may appear to some incredible, but it is now well-known to be the case by those who live in the remote western parts of North America.

The next morning early we proceeded on, and when we found a tree scratched by the bear's climbing up, and the hole in the tree sufficiently large for the reception of the bear, we then fell a sapling or a small tree against or near the hole; and it was my business to climb up and drive out the bear, while Tontileaugo stood ready with his gun and bow. We went on in this manner until evening, without success; at length we found a large elm scratched, and a hole in it about forty feet up; but no tree nigh suitable to lodge against the hole. Tontileaugo got a long pole and some dry rotten wood, which he tied in bunches with bark; and as there was a tree that grew near the elm, and extended up near the hole, but leaned the wrong way, so that we could not lodge it to advantage, but to remedy this inconvenience he climbed up this tree and carried with him his rotten wood, fire and pole. The rotten wood he tied to his belt, and to the end of the pole he tied a hook, and a piece of rotten wood which he set fire to, as it would retain fire almost like spunk; and reached this hook from limb to limb as he went up. When he got up, with this pole he put dry wood on fire into the hole; after he put in the fire he heard the bear snuff, and he came speedily down, took his gun in his hand and waited until the bear would come out; but it was some time before it appeared and when it did appear he attempted taking sight with his rifle, but it being then too dark to see the sights he set it down by a tree, and instantly bent his bow, took hold of an arrow and shot the bear a little behind the shoulder. I was preparing also to shoot an arrow.

but he called to me to stop, (as) there was no occasion; and with that the bear fell to the ground.

Being very hungry we kindled a fire, opened the bear, took out the liver and wrapped some of the caul fat round and put it on a wooden spit which we stuck in the ground to roast. We then skinned the bear, got on our kettle and had both roast and boiled, and also sauce to our meat, which appeared to me to be delicate fare. After I was fully satisfied I went to sleep. Tontileaugo awoke me, saying "Come, eat hearty, we have got meat plenty now".

The next morning we cut down a lynn tree, peeled bark, and made a snug little shelter, facing the southeast, with a large log betwixt us and the northwest; we made a good fire before us, and scaffolded up our meat at one side. When we had finished our camp we went out to hunt, searched two trees for bears but to no purpose. As the snow thawed a little in the afternoon Tontileaugo killed a deer, which we carried with us to camp.

The next day we turned out to hunt, and near the camp we found a tree well scratched; but the hole was above forty feet high, and no tree that we could lodge against the hole; finding that it was very hollow we concluded that we would cut down the tree with our tomahawks; which kept us working a considerable part of the day. When the tree fell, we ran up, Tontileaugo with his gun and bow and I with my bow already bent. Tontileaugo shot the bear through with his rifle, a little behind the shoulders: I also shot, but too far back; and not being then much accustomed to the business my arrow penetrated only a few inches through the skin. Having killed an old she-bear and three cubs we hauled her on the snow to the camp, and only had time afterwards to get wood, make a fire, cook &c., before dark.

Early the next morning we went to business, searched several

trees but found no bears. On our way home we took three raccoons out of a hollow elm, not far from the ground.

We remained here about two weeks, and in this time killed four bears, three deer, several turkeys and a number of raccoons. We packed as much meat as we could carry, and returned to our winter cabin. On our arrival there was great joy, as they were all in a starving condition, the hunters that we had left having killed but very little. All that could carry a pack repaired to our camp to bring in meat.

Some time in February the four warriors returned, who had taken two scalps, and six horses from the frontiers of Pennsylvania. The hunters could then scatter out a considerable distance from the winter cabin and encamp, kill meat and pack it in upon horses; so that we commonly after this had plenty of provision.

In this month we began to make sugar. As some of the elm bark will strip at this season the squaws, after finding a tree that would do, cut it down, and with a crooked stick broad and sharp at the end took the bark off the tree, and of this bark made vessels in a curious manner, that would hold about two gallons each: they made above one hundred of these kind of vessels. In the sugar-trees they cut a notch, stuck in a tomahawk: in the place where they stuck the tomahawk they drove a long chip to carry the water out from the tree; and under this they set their vessel to receive it. As sugar-trees were plenty and large here, they seldom or never notched a tree that was not two or three feet over. They also made bark vessels for carrying the water, that would hold about four gallons each. They had two brass kettles that held about fifteen gallons each, and other smaller kettles in which they boiled the water; but as they could not at all times boil away the water as fast as it was collected, they made vessels of bark that would hold about one hundred gallons each, for retaining the water; and though the sugar-trees did not run every day, they had always a

sufficient quantity of water to keep them boiling during the whole sugar season.

The way that we commonly used our sugar while encamped was by putting it in bear's fat until the fat was almost as sweet as the sugar itself; and in this we dipped our roasted venison. About this time some of the Indian lads and myself were employed in making and attending traps for catching raccoons, foxes, wild-cats &c.

As the raccoon is a kind of water animal that frequents the runs, or small water-courses almost the whole night, we made our traps on the runs, by laying one small sapling on another, and driving in posts to keep them from rolling. The upper sapling we raised about eighteen inches, and set so that on the raccoon's touching a string or a small piece of bark, the sapling would fall and kill it; and lest the raccoon should pass by, we laid brush on both sides of the run, only leaving the channel open.

The fox traps we made nearly in the same manner, at the end of a hollow log or opposite to a hole at the root of a hollow tree, and put venison on a stick for bait; we had it so set that when the fox took hold of the meat the trap fell. While the squaws were employed in making sugar the boys and men were engaged in hunting and trapping.

About the latter end of March we began to prepare for moving into town, in order to plant corn: the squaws were then frying the last of their bears' fat, and making vessels to hold it; the vessels were made of deerskins, which were skinned by pulling the skin off the neck, without ripping. After they had taken off the hair they gathered it in small plaits round the neck, and with a string drew it together like a purse; in the centre a pin was put, below which they tied a string, and while it was wet they blew it up like a bladder, and let it remain in this manner until it was dry, when it appeared nearly in the shape of a sugar loaf, but more

rounding at the lower end. One of these vessels would hold about four or five gallons; in these vessels it was they carried their bear's oil.

When all things were ready we moved back to the falls of Canesadooharie. In this route the land is chiefly first and second rate, but too much meadow ground in proportion to the upland. The timber is white ash, elm, black oak, cherry, buckeye, sugar-tree, lynn, mulberry, beech, white oak, hickory, wild apple tree, red-haw, black-haw, and spicewood bushes. There are in some places spots of beech timber, which spots may be called third-rate land. Buckeye, sugar-tree and spicewood are common in the woods here. There are in some places large swamps too wet for any use.

On our arrival at the falls, as we had brought with us on horse back about two hundred weight of sugar, a large quantity of bear's oil, skins, &c, the canoe we had buried was not sufficient to carry all; therefore we were obliged to make another one of elm bark. While we lay here a young Wyandot found my books: on this they collected together; I was a little way from the camp and saw the collection, but did not know what it meant. They called me by my Indian name, which was *Scoouwa*, repeatedly. I ran to see what was the matter; they showed me my books and said they were glad they had been found, for they knew I was grieved at the loss of them, and that they now rejoiced with me because they were found. As I could then speak some Indian, especially Caughnewaga, (for both that and the Wyandot tongue were spoken in this camp) I told them that I thanked them for the kindness they had always shown to me, and also for finding my books. They asked if the books were damaged. I told them, not much. They then showed how they lay, which was in the best manner to turn off the water. In a deerskin pouch they lay all winter. The print was not much injured, though the binding was. This was the first time I felt my heart warm towards the Indians. Though they had been exceeding kind to me, I still before detested them, on account

of the barbarity I beheld after Braddock's defeat. Neither had I ever before pretended kindness or expressed myself in a friendly manner; but I began now to excuse the Indians on account of their want of information.

When we were ready to embark Tontileaugo would not go to town, but go up the river and take a hunt. He asked me if I chose to go with him—I told him I did. We then got some sugar, bear's oil bottled up in bear's gut, and some dry venison, which we packed up, and went up Canesadooharie about thirty miles, and encamped. At this time I did not know either the day of the week or the month, but I supposed it to be about the first of April. We had considerable success in our business. We also found some stray horses, or a horse, mare and a young colt; and though they had run in the woods all winter they were in exceeding good order. There is plenty of grass here all winter, under the snow, and horses accustomed to the woods can work it out. These horses had run in the woods until they were very wild.

Tontileaugo one night concluded that we must run them down. I told him I thought we could not accomplish it. He said he had run down bears, buffaloes and elks: and in the great plains, with only a small snow on the ground, he had run down a deer; and he thought that in one whole day he could tire or run down any four-footed animal except a wolf. I told him that though a deer was the swiftest animal to run a short distance, yet it would tire sooner than a horse. He said he would at all events try the experiment. He had heard the Wyandots say that I could run well, and now he would see whether I could or not. I told him that I never had run all day, and of course was not accustomed to that way of running. I never had run with the Wyandots more than seven or eight miles at one time. He said that was nothing: we must either catch these horses or run all day.

In the morning early we left camp, and about sunrise started

after them, stripped naked excepting breech-clouds and mockasons. About ten o'clock I lost sight of both Tontileaugo and the horses, and did not see them again until about three o'clock in the afternoon. As the horses run all day in about three or four miles' square, at length they passed where I was, and I fell in close after them. As I then had a long rest, I endeavored to keep ahead of Tontileaugo, and after some time I could hear him after me calling *chakoh, chakoanaugh*—which signifies "pull away," or "do your best." We pursued on, and after some time Tontileaugo passed me; and about half an hour before sundown we despaired of catching these horses and returned to camp, where we had left our clothes.

I reminded Tontileaugo of what I had told him; he replied that he did not know what horses could do. They are wonderful strong to run; but withal we made them very tired. Tontileaugo then concluded he would do as the Indians did with wild horses when out at war; that is, to shoot them through the neck under the mane and above the bone, which will cause them to fall and lie until they can halter them; and then they recover again. This he attempted to do; but as the mare was very wild he could not get sufficiently nigh to shoot her in the proper place: however he shot, the ball passed too low, and killed her. As the horse and colt stayed at this place, we caught the horse, and took him and the colt with us to camp.

We stayed at this camp about two weeks and killed a number of bears, raccoons and some beaver. We made a canoe of elm bark and Tontileaugo embarked in it. He arrived at the falls that night, whilst I, mounted on horseback, with a bear-skin saddle and bark stirrups, proceeded by land to the falls. I came there the next morning, and we carried our canoe and loading past the falls.

The river is very rapid for some distance above the falls, which are about twelve or fifteen feet nearly perpendicular. This river,

called Canesadooharie, interlocks with the west branch of Muskingum, runs nearly a north course, and empties into the south side of Lake Erie about eighty* miles east from Sandusky, or betwixt Sandusky and Cayahaga.

On this last route the land is nearly the same as that last described, only there is not so much swampy or wet ground.

We again proceeded towards the lake, I on horseback and Tontileaugo by water. Here the land is generally good, but I found some difficulty in getting round swamps and ponds. When we came to the lake I proceeded along the strand and Tontileaugo near the shore, sometimes paddling and sometimes poling his canoe along.

After some time the wind arose, and he went into the mouth of a small creek and encamped. Here we stayed several days on account of high wind, which raised the lake in great billows. While we were here Tontileaugo went out to hunt, and when he was gone a Wyandot came to our camp. I gave him a shoulder of venison which I had by the fire, well roasted, and he received it gladly, told me he was hungry and thanked me for my kindness. When Tontileaugo came home I told him that a Wyandot had been at camp, and that I gave him a shoulder of roasted venison. He said "That was very well: and I suppose you gave him also sugar and bear's oil, to eat with his venison?" I told him I did not: as the sugar and bear's oil was down in the canoe I did not go for it. He replied "You have behaved just like a Dutchman.† Do you not know that when strangers come to our camp we ought always to give them the best that we have?" I acknowledged that I was wrong. He said that he could excuse this, as I was but young;

* In the original edition (published by MatthewCarey, 1799) of Smith's Narrative, he says the distance between Sandusky and the Black River is eighty miles. The statement is repeated in the edition we have followed: but the real distance is only fifty-two.

† The Dutch he called Skoharehaugo, which took its derivation from a Dutch settlement called Skoharer (the present Schoharie), N. Y.—[Ed.]

but I must learn to behave like a warrior and do great things, and never be found in any such little actions.

The lake being again calm[12] we proceeded, and arrived safe at Sunyendeand;[13] this was a Wyandot town, that lay upon a small creek which empties into the Little Lake below the mouth of Sandusky.

The town was about eighty rood above the mouth of the creek, on the south side of a large plain on which timber grew, and nothing more but grass or nettles. In some places there were large flats where nothing but grass grew, about three feet high when grown, and in other places nothing but nettles, very rank where the soil is extremely rich and loose—here they planted corn. In this town there were also French traders, who purchased our skins and fur, and we all got new clothes, paint, tobacco, &c.

After I had got my new clothes and my head done off like a red-headed woodpecker, I, in company with a number of young Indians, went down to the cornfield to see the squaws at work. When we came there they asked me to take a hoe, which I did, and hoed for some time. The squaws applauded me as a good hand at the business; but when I returned to the town, the old men hearing of what I had done, chid me and said that I was adopted in the place of a great man, and must not hoe corn like a squaw. They never had occasion to reprove me for anything like this again; as I never was extremely fond of work I readily complied with their orders.

As the Indians on their return from their winter hunt bring in with them large quantities of bear's oil, sugar, dried venison, &c.,

12 The lake when calm appears to be of a sky blue colour, though when lifted in a vessel it is like other clear water.

NOTE—The color is also noticed by Prince Maximilian of Wied (1833) "Lake Erie: the splendid bluish-green waters of which like all the great Canadian lakes, are of exactly the same color as those of Switzerland."—[ED.]

13 Sunyendeand. Pipe Creek and the big fields lying southeast of and about a mile and a half from the present Sandusky.

at this time they have plenty, and do not spare eating or giving—thus they make way with their provisions as quick as possible. They have no such thing as regular meals, breakfast, dinner or supper; but if any one, even the town folks, would go to the same house several times in one day, he would be invited to eat of the best—and with them it is bad manners to refuse to eat when it is offered. If they will not eat it is interpreted as a symptom of displeasure, or that the persons refusing to eat were angry with those who invited them.

At this time homony, plentifully mixed with bear's oil and sugar, or dried venison, bear's oil and sugar, is what they offer to every one who comes in any time of the day; and so they go on until their sugar, bear's oil and venison is all gone and then they have to eat homony by itself, without bread, salt or anything else; yet still they invite every one that comes in, to eat whilst they have anything to give. It is thought a shame not to invite people to eat while they have anything; but if they can in truth only say "we have got nothing to eat," this is accepted as an honorable apology. All the hunters and warriors continued in town about six weeks after we came in. They spent this time in painting, going from house to house, eating, smoking and playing at a game resembling dice, or hustlecap. They put a number of plumb stones in a small bowl; one side of each stone is black and the other white. They then shake or hustle the bowl, calling *hits, hits, honesey, honesey, rago, rago;* which signifies calling for white or black or what they wish to turn up; they then turn the bowl, and count the whites and blacks. Some were beating their kind of drum, and singing; others were employed in playing on a sort of flute, made of hollow cane, and others playing on the Jews' harp. Some part of this time was also taken up in attending the council-house, where the chiefs and as many others as chose, attended; and at night they were frequently employed in singing and dancing. Towards the last of this time, which was in June, 1756, they were all engaged in

preparing to go to war against the frontiers of Virginia. When they were equipped they went through with their ceremonies, sung their war-songs, &c. They all marched off, from fifteen to sixty years of age, and some boys only twelve years old were equipped with their bows and arrows and went to war; so that none were left in town but squaws and children, except myself, one very old man and another about fifty years of age, who was lame.

The Indians were then in great hopes that they would drive all the Virginians over the lake, which is all the name they know for the sea. They had some cause for this hope, because at this time the Americans were altogether unacquainted with war of any kind, and consequently very unfit to stand their hand with such subtle enemies as the Indians were. The two old Indians asked me if I did not think that the Indians and French would subdue all America, except New England, which they said they had tried in old times. I told them I thought not. They said they had already drove them all out of the mountains, and had chiefly laid waste the great valley betwixt the North and South mountain, from Potomack to James River, which is a considerable part of the best land in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, and that the white people appeared to them like fools; they could neither guard against surprise, run nor fight. These they said were their reasons for saying that they would subdue the whites. They asked me to offer my reasons for my opinion, and told me to speak my mind freely, I told them that the white people to the East were very numerous, like the trees, and though they appeared to them to be fools, as they were not acquainted with their way of war, yet they were not fools: therefore after some time they will learn your mode of war and turn upon you, or at least defend themselves. I found that the old men themselves did not believe they could conquer America, yet they were willing to propagate the idea, in order to encourage the young men to go to war.

When the warriors left this town we had neither meat, sugar

or bear's oil left. All that we had then to live on was corn pounded into coarse meal or small homony—this they boiled in water, which appeared like well-thickened soup, without salt or anything else. For some time we had plenty of this kind of homony; at length we were brought to very short allowance, and as the warriors did not return as soon as they expected, we were in a starving condition, and (had) but one gun in the town and very little ammunition. The old lame Wyandot concluded that he would go a-hunting in a canoe, and take me with him, and try to kill deer in the water, as it was then watering-time. We went up Sandusky a few miles, then turned up a creek and encamped. We had lights prepared, as we were to hunt in the night, and also a piece of bark and some bushes set up in the canoe, in order to conceal ourselves from the deer. A little boy that was with us held the light, I worked the canoe, and the old man, who had his gun loaded with large shot, when we came near the deer fired, and in this manner killed three deer in part of one night. We went to our fire, ate heartily, and in the morning returned to town in order to relieve the hungry and distressed.

When we came to go to town the children were crying bitterly on account of pinching hunger. We delivered what we had taken, and though it was but little among so many it was divided according to the strictest rules of justice. We immediately set out for another hunt, but before we returned a part of the warriors had come in, and brought with them on horseback a quantity of meat. The warriors had divided into different parties, and all struck at different places in Augusta county. They brought in with them a considerable number of scalps, prisoners, horses and other plunder. One of the parties brought in with them one Arthur Campbell[14], that is now Colonel Campbell, who lives on Holston River,

14 Arthur Campbell, of Washington County, Va. He escaped from the Indians about three years after, and returned to Virginia, where he became distinguished, then removed to Kentucky, where he died, 1816. The Royal Oak ford of the Holston river is in the present county of Smythe, about three miles east of the town of Marion.

near the Royal Oak. As the Wyandots at Sunyendeand and those at Detroit were connected, Mr. Campbell was taken in* Detroit but he remained some time in this town. His company was very agreeable and I was sorry when he left me. During his stay at Sunyendeand he borrowed my Bible, and made some pertinent remarks on what he had read. One passage was where it is said "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." He said we ought to be resigned to the will of Providence, as we were now bearing the yoke in our youth. Mr. Campbell appeared to be then about 16 or 17 years of age.

There was a number of prisoners brought in by these parties, and when they were to run the gauntlet I went and told them how to act. One, John Savage, was brought in, a middle-aged man of about forty years old. He was to run the gauntlet. I told him what he had to do: and after this I fell into one of the ranks with the Indians, shouting and yelling like them; and as they were not very severe with him, as he passed me I hit him with a piece of pumpkin—which pleased the Indians much, but hurt my feelings.

About the time that these warriors came in, the green corn was beginning to be of use; so that we had either green corn or venison, and sometimes both—which was comparatively high living. When we could have plenty of green corn or roasting ears the hunters became lazy, and spent their time, as already mentioned, in singing and dancing. They appeared to be fulfilling the Scriptures beyond those who professed to believe them, in that of taking no thought for the morrow; and also in living in love, peace and friendship together, without disputes. In this respect they shame those who profess Christianity.

In this manner we lived until October, when the geese, swans, ducks, cranes, &c., came from the north and lighted on this little lake in quantities or innumerable. Sunyendeand is a remarkable place for fish in the spring, and fowl both in the fall and spring.

*To.

As our hunters were now tired with indolence, and fond of their own kind of exercise, they all turned out to fowling, and in this could scarce miss of success; so that we now had plenty of homony and the best of fowls; and sometimes as a rarity we had a little bread, which was made of Indian cornmeal, pounded in a homony block, mixed with boiled beans and baked in cakes under the ashes.

This, with us, was called good living, though not equal to our fat roasted and boiled venison, when we went to the woods in the fall, or bear's meat and beaver in the winter; or sugar, bear's oil and dry venison in the spring.

Some time in October another adopted brother, older than Tontileaugo, came to pay us a visit at Sunyendeand, and he asked me to take a hunt with him on Cayahaga[15]. As they always used me as a free man, and gave me the liberty of choosing, I told him that I was attached to Tontileaugo, had never seen him before, and therefore asked some time to consider of this. He told me that the party he was going with would not be along, or at the mouth of this little lake, in less than six days; and I could in this time be acquainted with him and judge for myself. I consulted with Tontileaugo on this occasion, and he told me that our old brother Tecaughretanego (which was his name) was a chief and a better man than he was; and if I went with him I might expect to be well-used; but he said I might do as I pleased, and if I staid he would use me as he had done. I told him that he had acted in every respect as a brother to me; yet I was much pleased with my old brother's conduct and conversation; and as he was going to a part of the country I had never been in, I wished to go with him; he said he was perfectly willing.

I then went with Tecaughretanego, to the mouth of the little lake, where he met with the company he intended going with, which was composed of Caughnewagas and Ottawas. Here I was introduced to a Caughnewaga sister, and others I had never

15 Cayahaga—Cuyahoga. Ka-ih-ogh-ha. River, in the Mohawk tongue.

before seen. My sister's name was Mary, which they pronounced Maully. I asked Tecaughretanego how it came that she had an English name; he said that he did not know that it was an English name; but that it was the name the priest gave her when she was baptized, which he said was the name of the mother of Jesus. He said there were a great many of the Caughnewagas and Wyandots that were a kind of half Roman Catholics; but as for himself he said that the priests and he could not agree, as they held notions that contradicted both sense and reason, and had the assurance to tell him that the book of God taught them these foolish absurdities; but he could not believe the Great and Good Spirit ever taught them any such nonsense: and therefore he concluded that the Indian's old religion was better than this new way of worshipping God.

The Ottawas have a very useful kind of tents which they carry with them, made of flags plaited and stitched together in a very artful manner, so as to turn rain or wind well. Each mat is made fifteen feet long and about five feet broad. In order to erect this kind of tent they cut a number of long straight poles, which they drive in the ground in the form of a circle, leaning inwards then they spread the mats on these poles beginning at the bottom and extending up, leaving only a hole in the top uncovered—and this hole answers the place of a chimney. They make a fire of dry split wood in the middle, and spread down bark mats and skins for bedding, on which they sleep in a crooked posture, all round the fire, as the length of their beds will not admit of stretching themselves. In place of a door they lift up one end of a mat and creep in, and let the mat fall down behind them.

These tents are warm and dry, and tolerable clear of smoke. Their lumber they keep under birch bark canoes, which they carry out and turn up for a shelter, where they keep everything from the rain. Nothing is in the tents but themselves and their bedding.

This company had four birch canoes and four tents. We were kindly received, and they gave us plenty of homony and wild-fowl, boiled and roasted. As the geese, ducks, swans, &c., here are well grain-fed, they were remarkably fat, especially the green-necked ducks.

The wild-fowl here feed upon a kind of wild rice, that grows spontaneously in the shallow water, or wet places along the sides or in the corners of the lakes.

As the wind was high and we could not proceed on our voyage we remained here several days and killed abundance of wild-fowl, and a number of raccoons.

When a company of Indians are moving together on the lake, as it is at this time of the year often dangerous sailing the old men hold a council; and when they agree to embark, everyone is engaged immediately in making ready, without offering one word against the measure, though the lake may be boisterous and horrid. One morning, though the wind appeared to me to be as high as in days past, and the billows raging, yet the call was given *yo-hoh-yo-hoh*, which was quickly answered by all—*ooh-ooh*—which signifies "Agreed." We were all instantly engaged in preparing to start, and had considerable difficulties in embarking.

As soon as we got into our canoes we fell to paddling with all our might, making out from the shore. Though these sort of canoes ride waves beyond what could be expected, yet the water several times dashed into them. When we got out about half a mile from shore we hoisted sail, and it was nearly a west wind,—we then seemed to ride the waves with ease and went on at a rapid rate. We then all laid down our paddles, excepting one that steered, and there was no water dashed into our canoes until we came near the shore again. We sailed about sixty miles that day, and encamped some time before night.

The next day we again embarked and went on very well for some time; but the lake being boisterous and the wind not fair we were obliged to make to shore, which we accomplished with hard work and some difficulty in landing. The next morning a council was held by the old men.

As we had this day to pass by a long precipice of rocks on the shore about nine miles, which rendered it impossible for us to land, though the wind was high and the lake rough, yet, as it was fair, we were all ordered to embark. We wrought ourselves out from the shore and hoisted sail (what we used in place of sail-cloth were our tent-mats, which answered the purpose very well) and went for some time with a fair wind, until we were opposite to the precipice, and then it turned towards the shore, and we began to fear we should be cast upon the rocks. Two of the canoes were considerably farther out from the rocks than the canoe I was in. Those who were farthest out in the lake did not let down their sails until they had passed the precipice; but as we were nearer the rock we were obliged to lower our sail, and paddle with all our might. With much difficulty we cleared ourselves of the rock, and landed. As the other canoes had landed before us there were immediately runners sent off to see if we were all safely landed.

This night the wind fell, and the next morning the lake was tolerably calm, and we embarked without difficulty and paddled along near the shore until we came to the mouth of Cayahaga, which empties into Lake Erie on the south side betwixt Canesdooharie and Presque Isle.

We turned up Cayahaga and encamped—where we staid and hunted several days, and so we kept moving and hunting until we came to the forks of Cayahaga.

This is a very gentle river, and but few riffles or swift-running places, from the mouth to the forks. Deer here were tolerably plenty, large and fat, but bear and other game scarce. The up-

land is hilly, and principally second and third-rate. The timber chiefly black oak, white oak, hickory, dogwood, &c. The bottoms are rich and large and the timber is walnut, locust, mulberry, sugar-tree, red haw, black haw, wild apple trees, &c. The west branch of this river interlocks with the east branch of Muskingum, and the east branch with the Big Beaver Creek, that empties into the Ohio about thirty miles below Pittsburgh.

From the forks of Cayahaga to the east branch of Muskingum there is a carrying-place[16], where the Indians carry their canoes, &c., from the waters of Lake Erie into the waters of the Ohio.

From the forks I went over with some hunters to the east branch of Muskingum, where they killed several deer, a number of beavers, and returned heavy-laden with skins and meat, which we carried on our backs as we had no horses.

The land here is chiefly second and third-rate, and the timber chiefly oak and hickory. A little above the forks, on the east branch of Cayahaga, are considerable rapids[17], very rocky for some distance, but no perpendicular falls.

About the first of December, 1756, we were preparing for leaving the river; we buried our canoes, and as usual hung up our skins, and every one had a pack to carry. The squaws also packed up their tents, which they carried in large rolls that extended up above their heads; and though a great bulk, yet not heavy. We steered about a south-east course, and could not march over ten miles per day. At night we lodged in our flag tents, which when erected were nearly in the shape of a sugar-loaf, and about fifteen feet in diameter at the ground.

In this manner we proceeded about forty miles, and wintered

16 Carrying Place. The old Indian Portage Path, between the Tuscarawas branch of the Muskingum river and the Cuyahoga, in Portage and Coventry townships, Summit County, O. It was about eight miles long.

17 Rapids. The falls of the Cuyahoga in Summit County, four miles N. E. of Akron. The descent is about 200 feet in two and a half miles.

in these tents, on the waters of Beaver Creek, near a little lake[18] or large pond, which is about two miles long and one broad, and a remarkable place for beaver.

It is a received opinion among the Indians that the geese turn to beavers, and the snakes to raccoons—and though Tecaughretanego, who was a wise man, was not fully persuaded that this was true, yet he seemed in some measure to be carried away with this whimsical notion. He said that this pond had been always a plentiful place of beaver. Though he said he knew them to be frequently all killed (as he thought) yet the next winter they would be as plenty as ever; and "as the beaver was an animal that did not travel by land, and there being no water communication to or from this pond, how could such a number of beavers get there year after year? But as this pond was also a considerable place for geese, when they came in the fall from the north and alighted in this pond, they turned beavers, all but the feet, which remained nearly the same."

I said, that though there was no water communication in or out of this pond, yet it appeared that it was fed by springs, as it was always clear and never stagnated; and as a very large spring rose about a mile below this pond it was likely that this spring came from this pond. In the fall, when this spring is comparatively low, there would be air underground sufficient for the beavers to breathe in, with their heads above water, for they cannot live long under water, and so they might have a subterraneous passage by water into this pond. Tecaughretanego granted that it might be so.

About the sides of this pond there grew great abundance of cranberries, which the Indians gathered upon the ice when the pond was frozen over. These berries were about as large as rifle-

18 Little Lake. One of the numerous Beaver Ponds on the head waters of the Mahoning—no doubt much diminished since the clearing of the forest and the drainage of the land. It may be found however, in the southern part of Mahoning County.

bullets, of a bright red color—an agreeable acid, though rather too sour of themselves; but when mixed with sugar had a very agreeable taste.

In conversation with Tecaughretanego I happened to be talking of the beavers' catching fish. He asked me why I thought that the beaver caught fish. I told him that I had read of the beaver making dams for the conveniency of fishing. He laughed and made game of me and my book. He said the man that wrote that book knew nothing about the beaver; the beaver never did eat flesh of any kind, but lived on the bark of trees, roots, and other vegetables.

In order to know certainly how this was, when we killed a beaver I carefully examined the intestines, but found no appearance of fish. I afterwards made an experiment on a pet beaver which we had, and found that it would neither eat fish or flesh; therefore I acknowledged that the book I had read was wrong.

I asked him if the beaver was an amphibious animal, or if it could live under water. He said that the beaver was a kind of subterraneous water-animal, that lives in or near the water; but they were no more amphibious than the ducks and geese were,which was constantly proven to be the case, as all the beavers that are caught in steel traps are drowned, provided the trap be heavy enough to keep them under water. As the beaver does not eat fish, I enquired of Tecaughretanego why the beaver made such large dams. He said they were of use to them in various respects both for their safety and food; for their safety, as by raising the water over the mouths of their holes or subterraneous lodging-places, they could not be easily found: and as the beaver feeds chiefly on the bark of trees, by raising the water over the banks they can cut down saplings for bark to feed upon, without going out much upon the land: and when they are obliged to go out on land for this food, they frequently are caught by the wolves. As

the beaver can run upon land but little faster than a water-tortoise, and is no fighting animal, if they are any distance from the water they become an easy prey to their enemies.

I asked Tecaughretanego what was the use of the beaver's stones, or glands, to them; as the beaver has two pair, which is commonly called the oil stones and the bark stones. He said, that as the beavers are the dumbest of all animals, and scarcely ever make a noise, and as they are working creatures, they made use of this smell in order to work in concert. If any old beaver was to come on the bank and rub his breech upon the ground and raise a perfume, the others will collect from different places and go to work; this is also of use to them in travelling, that they may thereby search out and find their company. Cunning hunters, finding this out, have made use of it against the beaver in order to catch them. What is the bait which you see them make use of, but a compound of the oil and bark stones? By this perfume, which is only a false signal, they decoy them to the trap.

Near this pond beaver was the principal game. Before the water froze up we caught a great many with wooden and steel traps; but after that we hunted the beaver on the ice. Some places here the beavers build large houses to live in: and in other places they have subterraneous lodgings in the banks. Where they lodge in the ground we have no chance of hunting them on the ice; but where they have houses we go with malls and hand-spikes and break all the hollow ice, to prevent them from getting their heads above the water under it. Then we break a hole in the house, and they make their escape into the water; but as they cannot live long under water they are obliged to go to some of those broken places to breathe, and the Indians commonly put in their hands, catch them by the hind leg, hawl them on the ice and tomahawk them. Sometimes they shoot them in the head when they raise it above the water. I asked the Indians if they were not afraid

to catch the beavers with their hands: they said, no: they were not much of a biting creature, yet if they caught them by the fore-foot, they would bite.

I went out with Tecaughretanego and some others a-beaver hunting, but we did not succeed, and on our return we saw where several raccoons had passed, while the snow was soft; though there was now a crust upon it we all made a halt, looking at the raccoon tracks. As they saw a tree with a hole in it they told me to go and see if they had gone in thereat, and if they had, to halloo, and they would come and take them out. When I went to that tree I found they had gone past; but I saw another the way they had went, and proceeded to examine that, and found they had gone up it. I then began to halloo, but could have no answer.

As it began to snow and blow most violently I returned and proceeded after my company, and for some time could see their tracks; but the old snow being only about three inches deep and a crust upon it, the present driving snow soon filled up the tracks. As I had only a bow, arrows and tomahawk with me, and no way to strike fire, I appeared to be in a dismal situation—and as the air was dark with snow I had little more prospect of steering my course, than I would in the night. At length I came to a hollow tree with a hole in one side that I could go in at. I went and found that it was a dry place, and the hollow about three feet diameter, and high enough for me to stand in. I found that there was also a considerable quantity of soft, dry rotten wood around this hollow: I therefore concluded that I would lodge here, and that I would go to work and stop up the door of my house. I stripped off my blanket (which was all the clothes that I had, excepting a breech-clout, leggins and mockasons) and with my tomahawk fell to chopping at the top of a fallen tree that lay near, and carried wood and set it up on end against the door until I had it three or four feet thick all around, excepting a hole I had left to creep in at.

I had a block prepared that I could hawl after me to stop this hole; and before I went in I put a number of small sticks, that I might more effectually stop it on the inside. When I went in I took my tomahawk and cut down all the dry rotten wood I could get, and beat it small. With it I made a bed like a goose-nest or hog-bed, and with the small sticks stopped every hole, until my house was almost dark. I stripped off my mockasons, and danced in the centre of my bed for about half an hour, in order to warm myself. In this time my feet and whole body were agreeably warmed. The snow in the meanwhile had stopped all the holes, so that my house was as dark as a dungeon: though I knew it could not yet be dark out of doors. I then coiled myself up in my blanket, lay down in my little round bed, and had a tolerable night's lodging. When I awoke all was dark—not the least glimmering of light was to be seen. Immediately I recollected that I was not to expect light in this new habitation, as there was neither door nor window in it. As I could hear the storm raging, and did not suffer much cold as I was then situated, I concluded I would stay in my nest until I was certain it was day. When I had reason to conclude that it surely was day, I arose and put on my mockasons, which I had laid under my head to keep from freezing. I then endeavored to find the door, and had to do it by the sense of feeling, which took me some time. At length I found the block, but it being heavy, and a large quantity of snow having fallen on it, at the first attempt I did not move it. I then felt terrified—among all the hardships I had sustained, I never knew before what it was to be thus deprived of light. This, with the other circumstances attending it, appeared grievous. I went straightway to bed again, wrapped my blanket around me, and lay and mused awhile, and then prayed to Almighty God to direct and protect me, as he had done heretofore. I once again attempted to move away the block, which proved successful: it moved about nine inches. With this a considerable quantity of snow fell in from above, and I immediately received

light so that I found a very great snow had fallen, above what I had ever seen in one night. I then knew why I could not easily move the block, and I was so rejoiced at obtaining the light that all my other difficulties seemed to vanish. I then turned into my cell and returned God thanks for having once more received the light of heaven. At length I belted my blanket about me, got my tomahawk, bow and arrows, and went out of my den.

I was now in tolerable high spirits, though the snow had fallen above three feet deep, in addition to what was on the ground before, and the only imperfect guide I had, in order to steer my course to camp, was the trees; as the moss generally grows on the north-west side of them if they are straight, I proceeded on, wading through the snow, and about twelve o'clock (as it appeared afterward, from that time to night, for it was yet cloudy) I came upon the creek that our camp was on, about half a mile below the camp; and when I came in sight of the camp I found that there was great joy, by the shouts and yelling of the boys, &c.

When I arrived they all came round me, and received me gladly; but at this time no questions were asked, and I was taken into a tent, where they gave me plenty of fat beaver meat, and then asked me to smoke. When I had done Tecaughretanego desired me to walk out to a fire they had made. I went out, and they all collected round me, men, women and boys. Tecaughretanego asked me to give them a particular account of what had happened from the time they left me yesterday until now. I told them the whole of the story, and they never interrupted me; but when I made a stop the intervals were filled with loud acclamations of joy. As I could not at this time talk Ottawa or Jibewa well (which is nearly the same) I delivered my story in Caughnewaga. As my sister Molly's husband was a Jibewa and could understand Caughnewaga, he acted as interpreter and delivered my story to the Jibewas and Ottawas, which they received with pleasure. When

all this was done Tecaughretanego made a speech to me in the following manner:

"Brother:—You see we have prepared snow shoes to go after you, and were almost ready to go when you appeared; yet, as you had not been accustomed to hardships in your country to the east, we never expected to see you alive. Now we are glad to see you, in various respects: we are glad to see you on your own account, and we are glad to see the prospect of your filling the place of a great man, in whose room you were adopted. We do not blame you for what has happened; we blame ourselves, because we did not think of this driving snow filling up the tracks, until after we came to camp. Brother: Your conduct on this occasion hath pleased us much. You have given us an evidence of your fortitude, skill and resolution; and we hope you will always go on to do great actions, as it is only great actions that can make a great man."

I told my brother Tecaughretanego that I thanked them for their care of me and for the kindness I always received. I told him that I always wished to do great actions, and hoped I never would do anything to dishonor any of those with whom I was connected. I likewise told my Jibewa brother-in-law to tell his people that I also thanked them for their care and kindness.

The next morning some of the hunters went out on snow-shoes, killed several deer and hauled some of them into camp upon the snow. They fixed their carrying strings (which are broad in the middle and small at each end) in the fore-feet and nose of the deer, and laid the broad part of it on their heads or about their shoulders and pulled it along; and when it is moving (it) will not sink in the snow much deeper than a snow-shoe; and when taken with the grain of the hair slips along very easy.

The snow-shoes are made like a hoop-net and wrought with buckskin thongs. Each shoe is about two feet and a half long

and about eighteen inches broad before, and small behind, with cross-bars in order to fix or tie them to their feet. After the snow had lain a few days the Indians tomahawked the deer by pursuing them in this manner.

About two weeks after this there came a warm rain, and took away the chief part of the snow and broke up the ice; then we engaged in making wooden traps to catch beavers, as we had but few steel traps. These traps are made nearly in the same manner as the raccoon traps already described.

One day as I was looking after my traps I got benighted, by beaver-ponds intercepting my way to camp; and as I had neglected to take fire-works* with me, and the weather very cold, I could find no suitable lodging-place, therefore the only expedient I could think of to keep myself from freezing, was exercise. I danced and hallooed the whole night with all my might and the next day came to camp. Though I suffered much more this time than the other night I lay out, yet the Indians were not so much concerned, as they thought I had fire-works with me; but when they knew how it was they did not blame me. They said that old hunters were frequently involved in this place, as the beaver dams were one above another on every creek and run, so that it is hard to find a fording-place. They applauded me for my fortitude, and said as they had now plenty of beaver skins they would purchase me a new gun at Detroit, as we were to go there the next spring; and then if I should chance to be lost in dark weather I could make fire, kill provisions, and return to camp when the sun shined. By being bewildered on the waters of Muskingum I lost repute, and was reduced to the bow and arrow; and by lying out two nights here I regained my credit.

After some time the waters all froze again, and then, as formerly, we hunted beavers on the ice. Though beaver meat, with-

* Flint and steel.—[Ed.]

out salt or bread, was the chief of our food this winter, yet we always had plenty and I was well contented with my diet, as it appeared delicious fare after the way we had lived the winter before.

Sometime in February we scaffolded up our fur and skins, and moved about ten miles in quest of a sugar-camp or a suitable place to make sugar; and encamped in a large bottom on the head-waters of Big Beaver creek. We had some difficulty in moving, as we had a blind Caughnewaga boy, about 15 years of age, to lead; and as the country is very brushy we frequently had him to carry. We had also my Jibewa brother-in-law's father with us, who was thought by the Indians to be a great conjurer—his name was Manetohcoa—this old man was so decrepit that we had to carry him this route upon a bier, and all our baggage to pack on our backs.

Shortly after we came to this place the squaws began to make sugar. We had no large kettles with us this year, and they made the frost, in some measure, supply the place of fire in making sugar. Their large bark vessels for holding the stock-water, they made broad and shallow; and as the weather is very cold here it frequently freezes at night in sugar time; and the ice they break and cast out of the vessels. I asked them if they were not throwing away the sugar—they said no, it was water they were casting away; sugar did not freeze, and there was scarcely any in that ice. They said I might try the experiment and boil some of it, and see what I would get. I never did try it, but I observed that after several times' freezing the water that remained in the vessel changed its color and became brown and very sweet.

About the time we were done making sugar the snow went off the ground, and one night a squaw raised an alarm. She said she saw two men with guns in their hands, upon the bank on the other side of the creek, spying our tents—they were supposed to be Johnson's Mohawks[19]. On this, the squaws were ordered to slip quietly

19 Johnson's Mohawks—The celebrated Sir William Johnson, of New York State.

out some distance into the bushes; and all who had either guns or bows were to squat in the bushes near the tents; and if the enemy rushed up we were to give them the first fire, and let the squaws have an opportunity of escaping. I got down beside Tecaughretanego, and he whispered to me not to be afraid, for he would speak to the Mohawks, and as they spake the same tongue that we did they would not hurt the Caughnewagas or me; but they would kill all the Jibewas and Ottawas that they could, and take us along with them. This news pleased me well, and I heartily wished for the approach of the Mohawks.

Before we withdrew from the tents they had carried Manetohcoa to the fire and gave him his conjuring tools, which were dyed feathers, the bone of the shoulder-blade of a wildcat, tobacco, &c., and while we were in the bushes Manetohcoa was in a tent at the fire, conjuring away to the utmost of his ability. At length he called aloud for us all to come in, which was quickly obeyed. When we came in he told us that after he had gone through the whole of his ceremony, and expected to see a number of Mohawks on the flat bone when it was warmed at the fire, the pictures of two wolves only appeared. He said though there were no Mohawks about, we must not be angry with the squaw for giving a false alarm, as she had occasion to go out, and happened to see the wolves. Though it was moonlight yet she got afraid, and she conceited it was Indians with guns in their hands; so he said we might all go to sleep, for there was no danger—and accordingly we did.

The next morning we went to the place and found wolf tracks, and where they had scratched with their feet like dogs; but there was no sign of mockason tracks. If there is any such thing as a wizard I think Manetohcoa was as likely to be one as any man, as he was a professed worshipper of the devil. But let him be a conjurer or not, I am persuaded that the Indians believed what he told them upon this occasion as well as if it had come from an in-

fallible oracle, or they would not, after such an alarm as this, go all to sleep in an unconcerned manner. This appeared to me the most like witchcraft of anything I beheld while I was with them. Though I scrutinized their proceedings in business of this kind, yet I generally found that their pretended witchcraft was either art or mistaken notions whereby they deceive themselves. Before a battle they spy the enemy's motions carefully, and when they find that they can have considerable advantage and the greatest prospect of success, then the old men pretend to conjure or to tell what the event will be; and this they do in a figurative manner, which will bear something of a different interpretation, which generally comes to pass nearly as they foretold: therefore the young warriors generally believed these old conjurors, which had a tendency to animate and excite them to push on with vigor.

Sometime in March, 1757, we began to move back to the forks of Cayahaga, which was about forty or fifty miles; and as we had no horses we had all our baggage and several hundred-weight of beaver skins, and some deer and bearskins, all to pack on our backs. The method we took to accomplish this was by making short day's journies. In the morning we would move on with as much as we were able to carry, about five miles, and encamp: and then run back for more. We commonly made three such trips in the day. When we came to the great pond we staid there one day, to rest ourselves and to kill ducks and geese.

From our sugar-camp on the head waters of Big Beaver creek, to this place is not hilly, and some places the woods are tolerably clear, but in most places exceedingly brushy. The land here is chiefly second and third-rate. The timber on the upland is white oak, black oak, hickory and chestnut; there is also in some places walnut upland and plenty of good water. The bottoms here are generally large and good.

We again proceeded on from the pond to the forks of Cayahaga, at the rate of about five miles per day.

The land on this route is not very hilly; it is well watered, and in many places ill-timbered, generally brushy, and chiefly second and third-rate land, intermixed with good bottoms.

When we came to the forks we found that the skins we had scaffolded were all safe. Though this was a public place, and Indians frequently passing and our skins hanging up in view, yet there was none stolen; and it is seldom that Indians do steal anything from one another; and they never did until the white people came among them, and learned some of them to lie, cheat and swear; but be that as it may, they never did curse or swear until the whites learned them. Some think their language will not admit of it, but I am not of that opinion; if I was so disposed I could find language to curse or swear, in the Indian tongue.

I remember that Tecaughretanego, when something displeased him, said "God d-n it." I asked him if he knew what he then said: he said he did, and mentioned one of their degrading expressions, which he supposed to be the meaning of what he had said. I told him that it did not bear the least resemblance to it; that what he said was calling upon the great Spirit to punish the object he was displeased with. He stood for some time amazed, and then said "If this be the meaning of these words, what sort of people are the whites? When the traders were among us these words seemed to be intermixed with all their discourse." He, told me to reconsider what I had said, for he thought I must be mistaken in my definition; if I was not mistaken, he said, the traders applied these words not only wickedly but oftentimes very foolishly, and contrary to sense or reason. He said he remembered once of a trader's accidently breaking his gun-lock, and on that occasion calling out aloud "God d-n it." Surely, he said, the gun-lock was not an object worthy of punishment for Owaneeyo

or the Great Spirit. He also observed the traders often used this expression when they were in a good humor, and not displeased with anything. I acknowledged that the traders used this expression very often in a most irrational, inconsistent and impious manner: yet I still asserted that I had given the true meaning of these words. He replied "If so, the traders are as bad as Oonasahroona," or the underground inhabitants, which is the name they give the devils, as they entertain a notion that their place of residence is under the earth.

We took up our birch-bark canoes which we had buried, and found that they were not damaged by the winter; but they not being sufficient to carry all that we now had, we made a large chestnut-bark canoe, as elm-bark was not to be found at this place.

We all embarked, and had a very agreeable passage down the Cayahaga and along the south side of Lake Erie, until we passed the mouth of Sandusky. Then the wind arose, and we put in at the mouth of the Miami of the lake, at Cedar Point, where we remained several days and killed a number of turkeys, geese, ducks and swans. The wind being fair and the lake not extremely rough we again embarked, hoisted up sails, and arrived safe at the Wyandot town, nearly opposite to Fort Detroit, on the north side of the river. Here we found a number of French traders, every one very willing to deal with us for our beaver.

We bought ourselves fine clothes, ammunition, paint, tobacco, &c. and according to promise, they purchased me a new gun: yet we had not parted with only about one-third of our beaver. At length a trader came to town with French brandy. We purchased a keg of it, and held a council about who was to get drunk and who was to keep sober. I was invited to get drunk, but I refused the proposal; then they told me that I must be one of those who were to take care of the drunken people. I did not like this, but of the two evils I chose that which I thought was the least, and fell in

with those who were to conceal the arms and keep every dangerous weapon we could out of their way, and endeavor, if possible to keep the drinking club from killing each other; which was a very hard task. Several times we hazarded our own lives, and got ourselves hurt, in preventing them from slaying each other. Before they had finished this keg near one-third of the town was introduced to this drinking club; they could not pay their part, as they had already disposed of all their skins; but that made no odds: all were welcome to drink.

When they were done with this keg they applied to the traders and procured a kettle-full of brandy at a time, which they divided out with a large wooden spoon—and so they went on and never quit while they had a single beaver skin.

When the trader had got all our beaver he moved off to the Ottawa town, about a mile above the Wyandot town.

When the brandy was gone and the drinking club sober, they appeared much dejected. Some of them were crippled, others badly wounded, a number of their fine new shirts tore, and several blankets were burned: a number of squaws were also in this club, and neglected their corn-planting.

We could now hear the effects of the brandy in the Ottawa town. They were singing and yelling in the most hideous manner, both night and day; but their frolic ended worse than ours: five Ottawas were killed, and a great many wounded.

After this a number of young Indians were getting their ears cut, and they urged me to have mine cut likewise; but they did not attempt to compel me though they endeavoured to persuade me. The principal arguments they used were: its being a very great ornament, and also the common fashion. The former I did not believe, and the latter I could not deny. The way they performed this operation was by cutting the fleshy part of the circle

of the ear close to the gristle, quite through. When this was done they wrapt rags around this fleshy part until it was entirely healed; then they hung lead to it and stretched it to a wonderful length. When it was sufficiently stretched they wrapt the fleshy part round with brass wire, which formed into a semi-circle about four inches in diameter.

Many of the young men were now exercising themselves in a game resembling football; though they commonly struck the ball with a crooked stick,* made for that purpose; also a game something like this, wherein they used a wooden ball about three inches in diameter, and the instrument they moved it with was a strong staff about five feet long with a hoop net on the end of it, large enough to contain the ball.† Before they begin the play they lay off about half a mile distance in a clear plain, and the opposite parties all attend at the centre, where a disinterested person casts up a ball: then the opposite parties all contend for it. If any one gets it into his net, he runs with it the way he wishes it to go, and they all pursue him. If one of the opposite party overtakes the person with the ball, he gives the staff a stroke which causes it to fly out of the net. Then they have another debate for it, and if the one that gets it can outrun all the opposite party, and can carry it quite out, or over the line at the end, the game is won: but this seldom happens. When any one is running away with the ball, and is like to be overtaken, he commonly throws it, and with this instrument can cast it fifty or sixty yards. Sometimes when the ball is almost at the one end, matters will take a sudden turn, and the opposite party may quickly carry it out at the other end. Oftentimes they will work a long while back and forward before they can get the ball over the line or win the game.

About the first of June, 1757, the warriors were preparing to go to war, in the Wyandot, Pottowatomy and Ottawa towns; also

*Evidently the modern game of hockey.
†Lacrosse.

a great many Jibewas came down from the upper lakes and after singing their war songs and going through their common ceremonies, they marched off against the frontiers of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania in their usual manner, singing the travelling song, slow firing, &c.

On the north side of the river St. Lawrence, opposite to Fort Detroit, there is an island which the Indians call the Long Island, and which they say is above one thousand miles long, and in some places above one hundred miles broad. They further say that the great river[20] that comes down by Canesatauga and that empties into the main branch of St. Lawrence above Montreal, originates from one source with the St. Lawrence, and forms this island.

Opposite to Detroit and below it was originally a prairie, and laid off in lots about sixty roods broad and a great length. Each lot is divided into two fields, which they cultivate year about. The principal grain that the French raised in these fields was spring wheat and peas.

They built all their houses on the front of these lots on the river side; and as the banks of the river are very low, some of the houses are not above three or four feet above the surface of the water; yet they are in no danger of being disturbed by freshes, as the river seldom rises above eighteen inches, because it is the communication of the river St. Lawrence from one lake to another.

As dwelling-houses, barns and stables are all built on the front of these lots, at a distance it appears like a continued row of houses in a town, on each side of the river for a long way. These villages, the town, the river and the plains being all in view at once, afford a most delightful prospect.

The inhabitants here chiefly drink the river water, and as it comes from the northward it is very wholesome.

20 Great River—The Ottawa.

The land here is principally second-rate, and comparatively speaking a small part is first or third-rate; though about four or five miles south of Detroit there is a small portion that is worse than what I would call third-rate, which produces abundance of hurtle* berries.

There is plenty of good meadow ground here, and a great many marshes that are overspread with water. The timber is elm, sugar-tree, black ash, abundance of water-ash, oak, hickory and some walnut.

About the middle of June the Indians were almost all gone to war, from sixteen to sixty; yet Tecaughretanego remained in town with me. Though he had formerly, when they were at war with the southern nation, been a great warrior and an eminent counsellor, and I think as clear and as able a reasoner upon any subject that he had an opportunity of being acquainted with, as I ever knew, yet he had all along been against this war, and had strenuously opposed it in council. He said, if the English and French had a quarrel let them fight their own battles themselves; it is not our business to intermeddle therewith.

Before the warriors returned we were very scarce of provision: and though we did not commonly steal from one another, yet we stole during this time anything that we could eat, from the French, under the notion that it was just for us to do so, because they supported our soldiers; and our squaws, old men and children were suffering on the account of the war, as our hunters were all gone.

Sometime in August the warriors returned, and brought in with them a great many scalps, prisoners and plunder; and the common report among the young warriors was that they would entirely subdue Tulhasga, that is the English, or it might be literally rendered, the Morning Light inhabitants.

* Whortle.

About the first of November a number of families were preparing to go on their winter hunt, and all agreed to cross the lake together. We encamped at the mouth of the river the first night, and a council was held, whether we would cross through by the three islands, or coast it round the lake These islands lie in a line across the lake and are just in sight of each other. Some of the Wyandots or Ottawas frequently make their winter hunt on these islands, though excepting wild fowl and fish there is scarcely any game here but raccoons, which are amazingly plenty and exceeding large and fat, as they feed upon the wild rice, which grows in abundance in wet places round these islands. It is said that each hunter in one winter will catch one thousand raccoons.

It is a received opinion among the Indians that the snakes and raccoons are transmutable; and that a great many of the snakes turn raccoons every fall, and raccoons snakes every spring. The notion is founded on observations made on the snakes and raccoons in this island.

As the raccoons here lodge in rocks, the trappers make their wooden traps at the mouth of the holes; and as they go daily to look at their traps in the winter season, they commonly find them filled with raccoons; but in the spring or when the frost is out of the ground, they say they then find their traps filled with large rattlesnakes: and therefore conclude that the raccoons are transformed. They also say that the reason why they are so remarkably plenty in the winter is, every fall the snakes turn raccoons again.

I told them that though I had never landed on any of these islands, yet from the unanimous accounts I had received, I believed that both snakes and raccoons were plenty there; but no doubt they all remained there both summer and winter, only the snakes were not to be seen in the latter; yet I did not believe they were transmutable.

These islands are but seldom visited, because early in the spring and late in the fall it is dangerous sailing in the bark canoes; and in the summer they are so infested with various kinds of serpents (but chiefly rattlesnakes) that it is dangerous landing.

I shall now quit this digression and return to the result of the council at the mouth of the river. We concluded to coast it round the lakes, and in two days came to the mouth of the Miami of the lake, and landed on Cedar Point, where we remained several days. Here we held a council and concluded we would take a driving hunt in concert and in partnership.

The river at this place is about a mile broad, and as it and the lake forms a kind of neck which terminates in a point, all the hunters (which were 53) went up the river, and we scattered ourselves from the river to the lake. When we first began to move we were not in sight of each other, but as we all raised the yell, we could move regularly together by the noise. At length we came in sight of each other, and appeared to be marching in good order. Before we came to the point both the squaws and boys in the canoes were scattered up the river and along the lake, to prevent the deer from making their escape by water. As we advanced near the point the guns began to crack slowly, and after some time the firing was like a little engagement. The squaws and boys were busy tomahawking the deer in the water, and we shooting them down on the land. We killed in all about thirty deer, though a great many made their escape by water.

We had now great feasting and rejoicing, as we had plenty of homony, venison and wild-fowl. The geese at this time appeared to be preparing to move southward. It might be asked what is meant by the geese preparing to move. The Indians represent them as holding a great council at this time concerning the weather, in order to conclude upon a day, that they may all at or near one time leave the northern lakes and wing their way to the southern

bays. When matters are brought to a conclusion and the time appointed that they are to take wing, then they say a great number of expresses are sent off in order to let the different tribes know the result of this council, that they may be all in readiness to move at the time appointed. As there is a great commotion among the geese at this time, it would appear by their actions that such a council had been held. Certain it is that they are led by instinct to act in concert, and to move off regularly after their leaders.

Here our company separated. The chief part of them went up the Miami river, that empties into Lake Erie at Cedar Point, whilst we proceeded on our journey in company with Tecaughretanego, Tontileaugo, and two families of the Wyandots.

As cold weather was now approaching, we began to feel the doleful effects of extravagantly and foolishly spending the large quantity of beaver we had taken in our last winter hunt. We were all nearly in the same circumstances; scarcely one had a shirt to his back, but each of us had an old blanket which we belted round us in the day and slept in at night, with a deer or bear skin under us for our bed.

When we came to the falls of Sandusky[21] we buried our birch-bark canoes as usual, at a large burying-place for that purpose, a little below the falls. At this place the river falls about eight feet over a rock, but not perpendicular. With much difficulty we pushed up our wooden canoes; some of us went up the river and the rest by land with the horses, until we came to the great meadows or prairies[22] that lie between Sandusky and Scioto.

When we came to this place we met with some Ottawa hunters and agreed with them to take what they call a ring hunt, in partnership. We waited until we expected rain was nearly falling to extinguish the fire, and then we kindled a large circle in the prairie.

21 Falls of Sandusky—Rapids at Fremont, Sandusky County, O.
22 Prairies—Formerly called the Sandusky Plains; now within the counties of Crawford, Wyandot, Marion and Hardin, O.

At this time, or before the bucks began to run, a great number of deer lay concealed in the grass in the day, and moved about in the night; but as the fire burned in towards the centre of the circle the deer fled before the fire. The Indians were scattered also at some distance before the fire, and shot them down (at) every opportunity, which was very frequent, especially as the circle became small. When we came to divide the deer there were above ten to each hunter, which were all killed in a few hours. The rain did not come on that night to put out the outside circle of the fire, and as the wind arose it extended through the whole prairie, which was about fifty miles in length and in some places near twenty in breadth. This put an end to our ring-hunting this season, and was in other respects an injury to us in the hunting business ; so that upon the whole we received more harm than benefit by our rapid hunting frolic. We then moved from the north end of the glades and encamped at the carrying-place.[23]

This place is in the plains betwixt a creek that empties into the Sandusky and one that runs into (the) Scioto: and at the time of high water, or in the spring season, there is but about one-half mile of portage, and that very level and clear of rocks, timber or stones: so that with a little digging there may be water carried the whole way from Scioto to Lake Erie.

From the mouth of Sandusky to the falls is chiefly first-rate land, lying flat or level, intermixed with large bodies of clear meadows, where the grass is exceeding rank and in many places three or four feet high. The timber is oak, hickory, walnut, cherry, black ash, elm, sugar-tree, buckeye, locust and beech. In some places

23 Portage—This extended from the site of Garrett's Mills, near the village of Wyandot, on the Sandusky river, in Wyandot county, thence south about four miles on a ridge through part of Dallas township in Crawford county, to the north branch of the Little Sciota near Swinnerton, on the old Fort Ball and Columbus road in Grand Prairie township, Marion County. The length varied according to the stage of water. It was known as the "Four Mile Cross." In high water the north branch of the Little Sciota could be navigated by canoes to a point about a mile from Wyandot. A cut has been made by which the waters of both streams are united.

there is wet timber land—the timber in these places is chiefly water-ash, sycamore or button-wood.

From the falls to the prairies the land lies well to the sun—it is neither too flat nor too hilly, and chiefly first-rate. The timber nearly the same as below the falls, excepting the water ash. There is also here, some plats of beech land that appears to be second-rate, as it frequently produces spice wood. The prairie appears to be a tolerable fertile soil, though in many places too wet for cultivation; yet I apprehend it would produce timber, were it only kept from fire.

The Indians are of the opinion that the squirrels plant all the timber, as they bury a number of nuts for food, and only one at a place. When a squirrel is killed, the various kinds of nuts thus buried will grow.

I have observed that when these prairies have only escaped fire for one year, near where a single tree stood there was a young growth of timber, supposed to be planted by the squirrels; but when the prairies were again burned all this young growth was immediately consumed; as the fire ranges in the grass to such a pitch that numbers of raccoons are thereby burned to death.

On the west side of the prairie or betwixt that and Scioto, there is a large body of first-rate land; the timber walnut, locust, sugar-tree, buckeye, cherry, ash, elm, mulberry, plumb-trees, spicewood, black haw, red haw, oak and hickory.

About the time the bucks quit running, Tontileaugo, his wife and children, Tecaughretanego, his son Nungany and myself left the Wyandot camps at the carrying-place, and crossed the Sciota river at the south end of the glades, and proceeded on about a south-west course to a large creek called Ollentangy,[24] which I believe

24 The Ollentangy—Big Darby Creek, which rises in Logan county, flows S. E. and empties into the west side of the Sciota in Pickaway county, opposite Circleville, is the *real* Ollentangy. This is clearly evident from Smith's description of his route from the Sandusky portage to that stream, and of the country between it and the waters of the Miami (or Mad River). The "very large prairie" is now within the counties of Madison, Clarke, Champaign, Fayette, Pickaway, and Greene, between Darby Creek and Mad River.

interlocks with the waters of the Miami and empties into Sciota on the west side thereof. From the south end of the prairie to Ollentangy there is a large quantity of beech land, intermixed with first-rate land. Here we made our winter hut, and had considerable success in trapping.

After some time one of Tontileaugo's step-sons (a lad about eight years of age) offended him, and he gave the boy a moderate whipping, which much displeased his Wyandot wife. She acknowledged that the boy was guilty of a fault, but thought that he ought to have been ducked, which is their usual mode of chastisement. She said she could not bear to have her son whipped like a servant or slave; and she was so displeased that when Tontileaugo went out to hunt she got her two horses and all her effects (as in this country the husband and wife have separate interests) and moved back to the Wyandot camps that we had left.

When Tontileaugo returned he was much disturbed on hearing of his wife's elopement, and said that he would never go after her, were it not that he was afraid that she would get bewildered, and that his children that she had taken with her might suffer. Tontileaugo went after his wife, and when they met they made up the quarrel and he never returned: but left Tecaughretanego and his son (a boy about ten years of age) and myself, who remained here in our hut all winter.

Tecaughretanego, who had been a first-rate warrior, statesman and hunter and though he was now near sixty years of age, he was yet equal to the common run of hunters, but subject to the rheumatism, which deprived him of the use of his legs.

Shortly after Tontileaugo left us Tecaughretanego became lame, and could scarcely walk out of our hut for two months. I had considerable success in hunting and trapping. Though Tecaughretanego endured much pain and misery yet he bore it all with wonderful patience, and would often endeavor to entertain

me with cheerful conversation. Sometimes he would applaud me for my diligence, skill and activity—and at other times he would take great care in giving me instructions concerning the hunting and trapping business. He would also tell me that if I failed of success we would suffer very much, as we were about forty miles from any one living that we knew of; yet he would not intimate that he apprehended we were in any danger, but still supposed that I was fully adequate to the task.

Tontileaugo left us a little before Christmas, and from that time until some time in February we had always plenty of bear meat, venison, &c. During this time I killed much more than we could use, but having no horses to carry in what I killed, I left part of it in the woods. In February there came a snow, with a crust, which made a great noise when walking on it, and frightened away the deer; and as bear and beaver were scarce here, we got entirely out of provision. After I had hunted two days without eating anything, and had had very short allowance for some days before, I returned late in the evening, faint and weary. When I came into our hut Tecaughretanego asked "What success?" I told him not any.

He asked if I was not very hungry. I replied that the keen appetite seemed to be in some measure removed, but I was both faint and weary. He commanded Nunganey his little son, to bring me something to eat, and he brought me a kettle with some bones and broth. After eating a few mouthfuls my appetite violently returned, and I thought the victuals had a most agreeable relish, though it was only fox and wildcat bones, which lay about the camp, which the ravens and turkey-buzzards had picked. These Nunganey had collected and boiled until the sinews that remained on the bones would strip off. I speedily finished my allowance, such as it was, and when I had ended my sweet repast Tecaughretanego asked me how I felt. I told him that I was

much refreshed. He then handed me his pipe and pouch, and told me to take a smoke. I did so. He said he had something of importance to tell me, if I was now composed and ready to hear it. I told him that I was ready to hear him. He said the reason why he deferred his speech till now was because few men are in a right humor to hear good talk when they are extremely hungry, as they are then generally fretful and discomposed; "but as you appear now to enjoy calmness and serenity of mind, I will now communicate to you the thoughts of my heart, and those things that I know to be true. Brother—As you have lived with the white people, you have not had the same advantage of knowing that the Great Being above feeds his people, and gives them their meat in due season, as we Indians have, who are frequently out of provisions, and yet are wonderfully supplied; and that so frequently that it is evidently the hand of the great *Owaneeyo** that doth this: whereas the white people have commonly large stocks of tame cattle that they can kill when they please, and also their barns and cribs filled with grain, and therefore have not the same opportunity of seeing and knowing that they are supported by the Ruler of Heaven and earth.

Brother—I know that you are now afraid that we will all perish with hunger: but you have no just reason to fear this.

Brother: I have been young, but am now old. I have been frequently under the like circumstance that we now are, and that some time or other in almost every year of my life; yet I have hitherto been supported, and my wants supplied in time of need.

Brother—Owaneeyo sometimes suffers us to be in want, in order to teach us our dependence upon him, and to let us know that we are to live and serve him; and likewise to know the worth of the favors that we receive, and to make us more thankful.

Brother—Be assured that you will be supplied with food, and

* This is the name of God in their tongue, and signifies the owner and ruler of all things.

that just in the right time; but you must continue diligent in the use of means. Go to sleep, and rise early in the morning and go a-hunting,—be strong and exert yourself like a man, and the Great Spirit will direct your way."

The next morning I went out and steered about an east course. I proceeded on slowly for about five miles and saw deer frequently, but as the crust on the snow made a great noise they were always running before I spied them, so that I could not get a shot. A violent appetite returned, and I became intolerably hungry. It was now that I concluded I would run off to Pennsylvania, my native country. As the snow was on the ground, and Indian hunters almost the whole of the way before me, I had but a poor prospect of making my escape; but my case appeared desperate. If I staid here I thought I would perish with hunger, and if I met with Indians they could but kill me.

I then proceeded on as fast as I could walk, and when I got about ten or twelve miles from our hut, came upon fresh buffaloe tracks. I pursued after, and in a short time came in sight of them as they were passing through a small glade; I ran with all my might and headed them, where I lay in ambush and killed a very large cow. I immediately kindled a fire and began to roast meat, but could not wait till it was done: I ate it while almost raw. When hunger was abated I began to be tenderly concerned for my old Indian brother, and the little boy I had left in a perishing condition. I made haste and packed up what meat I could carry, secured what I left from the wolves, and returned homewards.

I scarcely thought on the old man's speech while I was almost distracted with hunger, but on my return was much affected with it, reflected on myself for my hardheartedness and ingratitude in attempting to run off and leave the venerable old man and little boy to perish with hunger. I also considered how remarkably the old man's speech had been verified in our providentially obtaining

a supply. I thought also of that part of his speech which treated of the fractious dispositions of hungry people, which was the only excuse I had for my base inhumanity, in attempting to leave them in the most deplorable situation.

As it was moonlight I got home to our hut, and found the old man in his usual good humor. He thanked me for my exertion and bid me sit down, as I must certainly be fatigued, and he commanded Nunganey to make haste and cook. I told him I would cook for him, and let the boy lay some meat on the coals for himself; which he did, but ate it almost raw, as I had done. I immediately hung on the kettle with some water, and cut the beef in thin slices and put them in. When it had boiled awhile I proposed taking it off the fire, but the old man replied "Let it be done enough." This he said in as patient and unconcerned a manner as if he had not wanted a single meal. He commanded Nunganey to eat no more beef at that time lest he might hurt himself; but told him to sit down, and after some time he might sup some broth—this command he reluctantly obeyed.

When we were all refreshed Tecaughretanego delivered a speech upon the necessity and pleasure of receiving the necessary support of life with thankfulness, knowing that *Owaneeyo* is the great giver. Such speeches from an Indian may be thought, by those who are unacquainted with them, altogether incredible; but when we reflect on the Indian war, we may readily conclude that they are not an ignorant or stupid sort of people, or they would not have been such fatal enemies. When they came into our country they outwitted us, and when we sent armies into their country they outgeneralled and beat us with inferior force. Let us also take into consideration that Tecaughretanego was no common person, but was among the Indians as Socrates in the ancient heathen world; and, it may be, equal to him, if not in wisdom or learning, yet perhaps in patience and fortitude. Notwithstanding Tecaughretanego's uncommon natural abilities, yet in the sequel of

this history you will see the deficiency of the light of nature unaided by revelation, in this truly great man.

The next morning Tecaughretanego desired me to go back and bring another load of buffaloe beef: as I proceeded to do so, about five miles from our hut I found a bear-tree. As a sapling grew near the tree and reached near the hole that the bear went in at, I got dry dozed or rotten wood, that would catch and hold fire almost as well as spunk. This wood I tied up in bunches, fixed them on my back, and then climbed up the sapling, and with a pole I put them, touched with fire, into the hole, and then came down and took my gun in my hand. After some time the bear came out, and I killed and skinned it, packed up a load of the meat (after securing the remainder from the wolves), and returned home before night. On my return my old brother and his son were much rejoiced at my success. After this we had plenty of provision.

We remained here until sometime in April, 1758. At this time Tecaughretanego had recovered so that he could walk about. We made a bark canoe, embarked, and went down Ollentangy some distance, but the water being low we were in danger of splitting our canoe on the rocks; therefore Tecaughretanego concluded we should encamp on shore and pray for rain.

When we encamped Tecaughretanego made himself a sweat-house; which he did by sticking a number of hoops in the ground, each hoop forming a semi-circle—this he covered all round with blankets and skins; he then prepared hot stones, which he rolled into this hut, and then went into it himself with a little kettle of water in his hand, mixed with a variety of herbs which he had formerly cured, and had now with him in his pack—they afforded an odoriferous perfume. When he was in he told me to pull down the blankets behind him and cover up close, which I did; and then he began to pour water upon the hot stones, and to sing aloud. He continued in this vehement hot place about fifteen minutes; all

this he did in order to purify himself before he would address the Supreme Being. When he came out of his sweat-house he began to burn tobacco and pray. He began each petition with *oh, ho, ho, ho,* which is a kind of aspiration, and signifies an ardent wish. I observed that all his petitions were only for immediate or present temporal blessings. He began his address by thanksgiving in the following manner:

"O great Being I thank thee that I have obtained the use of my legs again, that I am able to walk about and kill turkeys, &c., without feeling exquisite pain and misery I know that thou art, a hearer and a helper, and therefore I will call upon thee. *Oh, ho, ho, ho,*

Grant that my knees and ankles may be right well, and that I may be able not only to walk but to run and jump logs, as I did last fall.

Oh, ho, ho, ho,

Grant that on this voyage we may frequently kill bears, as they may be crossing the Scioto and Sandusky.

Oh, ho, ho, ho,

Grant that we may kill plenty of Turkeys along the banks, to stew with our fat bear meat.

Oh, ho, ho, ho,

Grant that rain may come to raise the Ollentangy about two or three feet, that we may cross in safety down to Scioto without danger of our canoe being wrecked on the rocks; and now, oh Great Being, thou knowest how matters stand—thou knowest that I am a great lover of tobacco, and though I know not when I may get any more I now make a present of the last I have, unto thee, as a free burnt offering; therefore I expect thou wilt hear and grant these requests, and I thy servant will return thee thanks, and love thee for the gifts."

During the whole of this scene I sat by Tecaughretanego, and as he went through it with the greatest solemnity, I was seriously affected with his prayers. I remained duly composed until he came to the burning of the tobacco, and as I knew that he was a great lover of it, and saw him cast the last of it into the fire, it excited in me a kind of merriment, and I insensibly smiled. Tecaughretanego observed me laughing, which displeased him and occasioned him to address me in the following manner:

Brother: I have somewhat to say to you, and I hope that you will not be offended when I tell you of your faults. You know that when you were reading your books in town I would not let the boys or any one disturb you; but now when I was praying, I saw you laughing. I do not think that you look upon praying as a foolish thing: I believe you pray yourself. But perhaps you may think my mode or manner of prayer foolish; if so, you ought in a friendly manner to instruct me, and not make sport of sacred things."

I acknowledged my error, and on this he handed me his pipe to smoke, in token of friendship and reconciliation; though at that time he had nothing to smoke but red-willow bark. I told him something of the method of reconciliation with an offended God, as revealed in my Bible, which I had then in my possession. He said that he liked my story better than that of the French priest, but he thought that he was now too old to begin to learn a new religion; therefore he should continue to worship God in the way that he had been taught, and that if salvation or future happiness was to be had in his way of worship he expected he would obtain it; and if it was inconsistent with the honor of the Great Spirit to accept of him in his own way of worship, he hoped that *Owaneeyo* would accept of him in the way I had mentioned, or in some other way, though he might now be ignorant of the channel through which favor or mercy might be conveyed. He said that he believed *Owaneeyo* would hear and help every one that sincerely waited upon him.

Here we may see how far the light of nature could go; perhaps we see it here almost in its highest extent. Notwithstanding the just views that this great man entertained of Providence, yet we now see him (though he acknowledged his guilt) expecting to appease the Deity and procure his favor, by burning a little tobacco. We may observe that all heathen nations, as far as we can find out either by tradition or the light of Nature, agree with Revelation in this: that sacrifice is necessary, or that some kind of atonement is to be made, in order to remove guilt and reconcile them to God. This, accompanied with numberless other witnesses, is sufficient evidence of the rationality and truth of the Scriptures.

Here we must close the Narrative of Colonel Smith, as our limits will not permit us to publish it in full. For an account of the general character of the Indians the reader is referred to the appendix, which has also been extracted from Colonel Smith's pamphlet.

APPENDIX

ON THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE INDIANS

The Indians are a slovenly people in their dress. They seldom ever wash their shirts, and in regard to cookery they are exceedingly filthy. When they kill a buffaloe they will sometimes lash the paunch of it round a sapling, and cast it into the kettle, boil it and sup the broth; though they commonly shake it about in cold water, then boil and eat it. Notwithstanding all this, they are very polite in their own way, and they retain among them the essentials of good manners. Though they have few compliments, yet they are complaisant to one another, and when accompanied with good humour and discretion, they entertain strangers in the best manner their circumstances will admit. They use but few titles of honor. In the military line the titles of great men are only captains or leaders of parties. In the civil line the titles are only counsellors, chiefs, or the old wise men. These titles are never made use of in addressing any of their great men. The language commonly made use of in addressing them is Grandfather, Father, or Uncle. They have no such thing in use among them as Sir, Mr., Madam or Mistress. The common mode of address is My Friend, Brother, Cousin, or Mother, Sister, &c. They pay great respect to age, or to the aged Fathers and Mothers among them, of every rank. No one can arrive at any place of honor among them, but by merit. Either some exploit in war must be performed, before any one can be advanced in the military line, or become eminent for wisdom before they can obtain a seat in council. It would appear to the Indians a most ridiculous thing to see a man lead off a company of warriors, as an officer, who had himself never been in a battle in his life. Even in case of merit, they are slow in advancing any one until they arrive at or near middle age.

They invite every one that comes to their house or camp, to eat, while they have anything to give; and it is accounted bad manners to refuse eating when invited. They are very tenacious of their old mode of dressing and painting, and do not change their fashions as we do. They are very fond of tobacco, and the men almost all smoke it mixed with sumach leaves or red-willow bark, pulverized; though they seldom use it in any other way. They make use of the pipe also as a token of love and friendship.

In courtship they also differ from us. It is a common thing among them for a young woman, if in love, to make suit to a young man: though the first address may be by the man, yet the other is the most common. The squaws are generally very immodest in their words and actions, and will often put the young men to the blush. The men commonly appear to be possessed of much more modesty than the women; yet I have been acquainted with some young squaws that appeared really modest; genuine it must be, as they were under very little restraint in the channel of education or custom.

When the Indians meet one another, instead of saying "How do you do," they commonly salute in the following manner: "You are my friend." The reply is "Truly, friend, I am your friend;" or, "Cousin, you yet exist"—the reply is "Certainly I do." They have their children under tolerable command: seldom ever whip them, and their common mode of chastening is by ducking them in cold water: therefore their children are more obedient in the winter season than they are in the summer, though they are then not so often ducked. They are a peaceable people and scarcely ever wrangle or scold when sober; but they are very much addicted to drinking, and men and women will become basely intoxicated if they can by any means procure or obtain spirituous liquor; and then they are commonly either extremely merry and kind, or very turbulent, ill-humoured and disorderly.

ON THEIR TRADITIONS AND RELIGIOUS SENTIMENTS

As the family that I was adopted into was intermarried with the Wyandots and Ottawas, three tongues were commonly spoken: viz: Caughnewaga, or what the French call Iroque, also the Wyandot and Ottawa. By this means I had an opportunity of learning these three tongues; and I found that these nations varied in their traditions and opinions concerning religion; and even members of the same nation differed widely in their religious sentiments. Their traditions are vague, whimsical, romantic, and many of them scarce worth relating: and not any of them reach back to the creation of the world. The Wyandots come the nearest to this. They tell of a squaw that was found when an infant, in the water, in a canoe made of bullrushes. This squaw became a great prophetess, and did many wonderful things; she turned water into dry land, and at length made this continent, which was at that time only a very small island, and but a few Indians in it. Though they were then but few they had not sufficient room to hunt: therefore this squaw went to the waterside and prayed that this little island might be enlarged. The Great Being then heard her prayer, and sent great numbers of water tortoises and muskrats, which brought with them mud and other materials for enlarging this island; and by this means they say it was increased to the size that it now remains. Therefore they say that the white people ought not to encroach upon them or take their land from them, because their great-grandmother made it. They say that about this time the angels or Heavenly Inhabitants, as they call them, frequently visited them and talked with their forefathers, and gave directions how to pray and how to appease the Great Being when he was offended. They told them they were to offer sacrifice, burn tobacco, buffaloe and deer bones; but that they were not to burn bear's or raccoon's bones in sacrifice.

The Ottawas say that there are two Great Beings that rule and govern the universe, who are at war with each other; the one

they call *Maneto*, and the other *Matchemaneto*. They say that *Maneto* is all kindness and love, and that *Matchemaneto* is an evil spirit that delights in doing mischief; and some of them think that they are equal in power, and therefore worship the evil spirit out of a principle of fear. Others doubt which of the two may be the most powerful, and therefore endeavour to keep in favour with both, by giving each of them some kind of worship. Others say that *Maneto* is the First Great Cause, and therefore must be all powerful and supreme, and ought to be adored and worshipped, whereas *Matchemaneto* ought to be rejected and despised.

Those of the Ottawas that worship the evil spirit pretend to be great conjurors. I think if there is any such thing now in the world as witchcraft, it is among these people. I have been told wonderful stories concerning their proceedings, but never was eye-witness to anything that appeared evidently supernatural.

Some of the Wyandots and Caughnewagas profess to be Roman Catholic: but even these retain many of the notions of their ancestors. Those of them who reject the Roman Catholic religion hold that there is one great First Cause, whom they call *Owaneeyo*, that rules and governs the universe and takes care of his creatures, rational and irrational, and gives them their food in due season and hears the prayers of all those that call upon him; therefore it is but just and reasonable to pray, and offer sacrifice to this great being, and to do those things that are pleasing in his sight; but they differ widely in what is pleasing or displeasing to this great being. Some hold that following nature or their own propensities is the way to happiness, and cannot be displeasing to the deity, because he delights in the happiness of his creatures, and does nothing in vain, but gave these dispositions with a design to lead to happiness, and therefore they ought to be followed. Others reject this opinion altogether, and say that following their own propensities in this manner is neither the means of happiness nor the way to please the Deity.

Tecaughretanego was of opinion that following nature in a limited sense was reasonable and right. He said that most of the irrational animals by following their natural propensities were led to the greatest pitch of happiness that their natures and the world they lived in would admit of. He said that mankind and the rattlesnakes had evil dispositions, that led them to injure themselves and others. He gave instances of this. He said he had a puppy that he did not intend to raise, and in order to try an experiment he tied this puppy on a pole and held it to a rattlesnake, which bit it several times; that he observed the snake shortly after rolling about apparently in great misery, so that it appeared to have poisoned itself as well as the puppy. The other instance he gave was concerning himself. He said that when he was a young man he was very fond of the women, and at length got the venereal disease so that by following this propensity he was led to injure himself and others. He said our happiness depends on our using our reason, in order to suppress these evil dispositions; but when our propensities neither lead us to injure ourselves or others, we might with safety indulge them, or even pursue them as the means of happiness.

The Indians generally are of opinion that there are great numbers of inferior deities, which they call *Carreyagaroona*, which signifies the *Heavenly Inhabitants*. These beings they suppose are employed as assistants in managing the affairs of the universe, and in inspecting the actions of men; and that even the irrational animals are engaged in viewing their actions, and bearing intelligence to the gods. The eagle, for this purpose, with her keen eye is soaring about in the day, and the owl, with her nightly eye, perched on the trees around their camp in the night; therefore when they observe the eagle or the owl near, they immediately offer sacrifice or burn tobacco, that they may have a good report to carry to the gods. They say that there are also great numbers of evil spirits, which they call *Onasahroona*, which signifies the *Inhabi-*

tants of the Lower Region. These they say are employed in disturbing the world, and the good spirits always going after them and setting things right, so that they are constantly working in opposition to each other. Some talk of a future state, but not with any certainty; at best their notions are vague and unsettled. Others deny a future state altogether, and say that after death they neither think or live.

As the Caughnewagas and the Six Nations speak nearly the same language, their theology is also nearly alike. When I met with the Shawanees or Delawares, as I could not speak their tongue, I spoke Ottawa to them, and as it bore some resemblance to their language we understood each other in some common affairs, but as I could only converse with them very imperfectly, I cannot from my own knowledge, with any certainty, give any account of their theological opinions.

ON THEIR POLICE OR CIVIL GOVERNMENT

I have often heard of Indian kings, but never saw any. How any term used by the Indians in their own tongue, for the chief man of a nation, could be rendered King, I know not. The chief of a nation is neither a supreme ruler, monarch or potentate. He can neither make war or peace, leagues or treaties. He cannot impress soldiers or dispose of magazines. He cannot adjourn, prorogue or dissolve a general assembly, nor can he refuse his assent to their conclusions or in any manner controul them. With them there is no such a thing as hereditary succession, title of nobility or royal blood, even talked of. The chief of a nation, even with the consent of his assembly, or council, cannot raise one shilling of tax off the citizens, but only receive what they please to give as free and voluntary donations. The chief of a nation has to hunt for his living as any other citizen. How then can they with any propriety be called kings? I apprehend that the white people were formerly so fond of the name of kings, and so ignorant of their power, that they concluded the chief man of a nation must be a king.

As they are illiterate, they consequently have no written code of laws. What they execute as laws are either old customs or the immediate result of new councils. Some of their ancient laws or customs are very pernicious, and disturb the public weal. Their vague law of marriage is a glaring instance of this, as the man and his wife are under no legal obligation to live together if they are both willing to part. They have little form or ceremony among them in matrimony, but do like the Israelites of old—the man goes in unto the woman, and she becomes his wife. The years of puberty and the age of consent, is about fourteen for the women and eighteen for the men. Before I was taken by the Indians I had often heard that in the ceremony of marriage the man gave the woman a deer's leg, and she gave him a red ear of corn, signifying that she was to keep him in bread, and he was to keep her in meat. I enquired of them concerning the truth of this, and they said they knew nothing of it, further than that they had heard it was the ancient custom among some nations. Their frequent changing of partners prevents propagation, creates disturbances and often occasions murder and bloodshed; though this is commonly committed under the pretence of being drunk. Their not punishing crimes committed when intoxicated with spirituous liquors, or their admitting one crime as an excuse for another, is a very unjust law or custom.

The extremes they run into in dividing the necessaries of life are hurtful to the public weal; though their dividing meat when hunting may answer a valuable purpose, as one family may have success one day and the other the next; but their carrying this custom to the town or to agriculture is striking at the root of industry, as industrious persons ought to be rewarded, and the lazy suffer for their indolence.

They have scarcely any penal laws; the principal punishment is degrading. Even murder is not punished by any formal law,

only the friends of the murdered are at liberty to slay the murderer if some atonement is not made. Their not annexing penalties to their laws is perhaps not as great a crime, or as unjust and cruel, as the bloody penal laws of England, which we have so long shamefully practised, and which are in force in this state until our penitentiary house is finished, which is now building, and then they are to be repealed.

Let us also take a view of the advantages attending Indian police. They are not oppressed or perplexed with expensive litigation. They are not injured by legal robbery. They have no splendid villains that make themselves grand and great upon other people's labor.—They have neither church or state erected as money-making machines.

OF THEIR DISCIPLINE AND METHOD OF WAR

I have often heard the British officers call the Indians the undisciplined savages—which is a capital mistake, as they have all the essentials of discipline. They are under good command and punctual in obeying orders; they can act in concert, and when their officers lay a plan and give orders, they will cheerfully unite in putting all their directions into immediate execution; and by each man observing the motion or movement of his right-hand companion they can communicate the motion from right to left, and march abreast in concert and in scattered order, though the line may be more than a mile long, and continue if occasion requires, for a considerable distance, without disorder or confusion. They can perform various necessary manoeuvres, either slowly or as fast as they can run. They can form a circle or semi-circle; the circle they make use of in order to surround their enemy, and the semi-circle if the enemy has a river on one side of them. They can also form a large hollow square, face out and take trees: this they do if their enemies are about surrounding them, to prevent being shot from either side of the tree. When they go into battle they are

not loaded or encumbered with many clothes, as they commonly fight naked, save only breech-clout, leggins and mockasons. There is no such thing as corporeal (*sic*) punishment used in order to bring them under such good discipline; degrading is the only chastisement, and they are so unanimous in this that it effectually answers the purpose. Their officers plan, order and conduct matters until they are brought into action, and then each man is to fight as though he was to gain the battle himself. General orders are commonly given in time of battle, either to advance or retreat, and (this) is done by a shout or yell which is well-understood, and they retreat or advance in concert. They are generally well equipped, and exceedingly expert and active in the use of arms. Could it be supposed that undisciplined troops could defeat Generals Braddock, Grant,[26] &c.? It may be said by some that the French were also engaged in this war: true, they were; yet I know it was the Indians that laid the plan and, with small assistance, put it into execution. The Indians had no aid from the French or any other power when they besieged Fort Pitt in the year 1763, and cut off the communication for a considerable time between that post and Fort Loudon, and would have defeated General Bouquet's army (who were on their way to raise the siege) had it not been for the assistance of the Virginia volunteers. They had no British troops with them when they defeated Colonel Crawford near the Sandusky, in the time of the American war with Great Britain; or when they defeated Colonel Loughrie on the Ohio, near the Miami, on his way to meet General Clarke: this was also in the time of the British war. It was the Indians alone that defeated Colonel Todd in Kentucky, near the Blue Licks, in the year 1782; and Colonel Harmar betwixt the Ohio and Lake Erie, in the year 1780, and General St. Clair in the year 1791; and it is said there were more of our men killed at this defeat than there were in any one battle during our contest with Great Britain. They had no

26. Grant's defeat took place Sept. 14, 1758. The court-house in Pittsburgh stands on "Grant's Hill," long since graded out of existence.

aid when they fought even the Virginia riflemen almost a whole day, at the Great Kanhawa, in the year 1774; and when they found they could not prevail against the Virginians they made a most artful retreat. Notwithstanding they had the Ohio to cross, some continued firing whilst others were crossing the river. In this manner they proceeded until they all got over, before the Virginians knew they had retreated; and in this retreat they carried off all their wounded. In most of the foregoing defeats they fought with an inferior number, though in this I believe it was not the case.

Let us take a view of the benefits we have received by what little we have learned of their art of war, which cost us dear, and the loss we have sustained for want of it: and then see if it will not be well worth our while to retain what we have and also to endeavor to improve in this necessary branch of business. Though we have made considerable proficiency in this line, and in some respects out-do them, viz: as marksmen and in cutting our rifles and keeping them in good order, yet I apprehend we are far behind in their manoeuvres, or in being able to surprize. May we not conclude that the progress we had made in their art of war contributed considerably towards our success in various respects when contending with Great Britain for Liberty? Had the British king attempted to enslave us before Braddock's war, in all probability he might readily have done it, because, except the New Englanders, who had formerly been engaged in war with the Indians, we were unacquainted with any kind of war: but after fighting such a subtle and barbarous enemy as the Indians, we were not terrified at the approach of British red-coats. Was not Burgoyne's defeat accomplished in some measure by the Indian mode of fighting, and did not General Morgan's riflemen, and many others, fight with great success in consequence of what they had learned of their art of war? Kentucky would not have been settled at the time it was, had the Virginians been altogether ignorant of this method of war.

In Braddock's war the frontiers were laid waste for above three

hundred miles long, and generally about thirty broad, excepting some that were living in forts; and many hundreds, perhaps thousands, killed or made captives, and horses and all kind of property carried off: but in the next Indian war, though we had the same Indians to cope with, the frontiers almost all stood their ground because they were by this time in some measure acquainted with their manoeuvres; and the want of this, in the first war, was the cause of the loss of many hundred of our citizens and of much treasure.

Though large volumes have been written of morality, yet it may all be summed up in saying do as you would wish to be done by: so the Indians sum up the art of war in the following manner:

The business of the private warriors is to be under command, or punctually to obey orders—to learn to march abreast in scattered order, so as to be in readiness to surround the enemy, or to prevent being surrounded—to be good marksmen and active in the use of arms—to practice running—to learn to endure hunger or hardships with patience and fortitude—to tell the truth at all times to their officers, but more especially when sent out to spy the enemy.

Concerning Officers.—They say that it would be absurd to appoint a man an officer whose skill and courage had never been tried —that all officers should be advanced only according to merit—that no one man should have the absolute command of an army—that a council of officers are to determine when and how an attack is to be made—that it is the business of the officers to lay plans to take every advantage of the enemy—to ambush and surprize them, and to prevent being ambushed and surprized themselves—it is the duty of officers to prepare and deliver speeches to the men in order to animate and encourage them: and on the march to prevent the men at any time from getting into a huddle, because if the enemy should surround them in this position, they would be exposed to the enemy's fire. It is likewise their business at all times to en-

deavor to annoy their enemy and save their own men, and therefore (they) ought never to bring on an attack without considerable advantage, or without what appeared to them the sure prospect of victory, and that with the loss of few men: and if at any time they should be mistaken in this, and are like to lose many men by gaining the victory, it is their duty to retreat and wait for a better opportunity of defeating their enemy without the danger of losing so many men. Their conduct proves that they act upon these principles, therefore it is that from Braddock's war to the present time they have seldom ever made an unsuccessful attack. The battle at the mouth of the Great Kanhawa is the greatest instance of this; and even then, though the Indians killed about three for one they lost, yet they retreated. The loss of the Virginians in this action was seventy killed and the same number wounded. The Indians lost twenty killed on the field, and eight who died afterwards of their wounds. This was the greatest loss of men that I ever knew the Indians to sustain in any one battle. They will commonly retreat if their men are falling fast; they will not stand cutting, like the Highlanders or other British troops: but this proceeds from a compliance with their rules of war rather than cowardice. If they are surrounded they will fight while there is a man of them alive, rather than surrender. When Colonel John Armstrong surrounded the Kittaning town, on the Alleghany river, Captain Jacobs, a Delaware chief, with some warriors, took possession of a house, defended themselves for some time, and killed a number of our men. As Jacobs could speak English our people called on him to surrender: he said that he and his men were warriors, and they would all fight while life remained. He was again told that they should be well used if they would only surrender: and if not, the house should be burned down over their heads. Jacobs replied that he could eat fire: and when the house was in a flame he and they that were with him came out in a fighting position, and were all killed. As they are a sharp, active kind of people, and war is

their principal study, in this they have arrived at considerable perfection. We may learn of the Indians what is useful and laudable, and at the same time lay aside their barbarous proceedings. It is much to be lamented that some of our frontier riflemen are prone to imitate them in their inhumanity. During the British war a considerable number of men from below Fort Pitt crossed the Ohio, and marched into a town of friendly Indians, chiefly Delawares, who professed the Moravian religion. As the Indians apprehended no danger, they neither lifted arms or fled. After these riflemen were some time in the town and the Indians altogether in their power, in cool blood they massacred the whole town, without distinction of age or sex. This was an act of barbarity beyond anything I ever knew to be committed by savages themselves.

Why have we not made greater proficiency in the Indian art of war? Is it because we are too proud to imitate them, even though it should be a means of preserving the lives of many of our citizens? No! We are not above borrowing language from them, such as homony, pone, tomahawk, &c., which is of little or no use to us. I apprehend that the reasons why we have not improved more in this respect are as follows: No important acquisition is to be obtained but by attention and diligence; and as it is easier to learn to move and act in concert, in close order, in the open plain, than to act in concert in scattered order, in the woods, so it is easier to learn our discipline than the Indian manoeuvres. They train up their boys to the art of war from the time they are twelve or fourteen years of age; whereas the principal chance our people had of learning was by observing their movements when in action against us. I have been long astonished that no one has written upon this important subject, as their art of war would not only be of use to us in case of another rupture with them, but were only part of our men taught this art, accompanied with our continental discipline, I think no European power, after trial, would venture to shew its head in American woods.

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